The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Vol. XXV JUNE, 1938 No. 6

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SPRING WEAVER

By RUTH HARWOOD

The bare branches of the
poplars reaching high
Are an empty warp upon
a loom of sky.

It is waiting for the hands
of Spring who weaves
A finished pattern with a
weft of leaves.

—From "The Lyric Road"

SPRING WEAVER RUTH HARWOOD

The
Relief Society Magazine

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Utilizing Local Resources

By William Peterson

Director Extension Service, Utah State Agricultural College

(Conference Address)

I KNOW of no group of people with whom I meet where I would rather attempt to put over a project than with the Relief Society of the Mormon Church. I represent the Extension Service of the Agricultural College. Our program and work extends over the entire state, but in every county and in almost every community we work through the Relief Society in putting over the work we are doing, and we have the cooperation and support of the Relief Society workers in the county and community programs.

I am going to attempt to tell you some of the real facts about a few of the problems that we must meet if we are to go forward in the State of Utah and in the surrounding states.

I wonder if you have ever stopped to give serious consideration to why we came to Utah. Of course, there was the seeking of religious freedom, but in addition, there was an opportunity to establish homes and make a living. Land and water were found here. To begin with, probably the realization that we were living in a semi-desert was not as definitely before us as at present. We do live in a semi-desert and most cultivated plants will not mature without water in addition to rainfall. The rainfall is light, humidity is low, and even in the better valleys the rainfall is only about half that necessary for maturing plants.

I remember, as a lad, hearing people talk regarding the richness and abundance found in the soils occupying the valleys in Utah and Idaho. The preachers took the stand that our soils were so rich that they would last forever. I am sure some of our communities have gone on ever since with that thought in mind, but we are now confronted with problems in the use of these soils in order to determine whether they are going to be continually productive.

THE best and most outstanding resource we have in the state of Utah is that parcel of land we are cultivating. I say parcel of land. Why? There are 52,500,000 acres in the State of Utah, outside of the lakes, and after 90 years of settlement we can boast that we have 1,324,000 acres under cultivation—only 2.6 per cent. In addition to that we have plowed about 480,000 acres which are used for dry farm-

ing, but the total acreage from which we are extracting cultivated crops is less than two million in the State of Utah. Have we reached our growth?

It is rather striking that no appreciable new acres have been added to the farm lands of Utah in 20 years. Some of us believe we must expand. The land we are plowing, when considered in its entirety, is going gradually down in production. We are extracting less from it each year. The records I have collected in meetings in 26 counties of the state in the last three months give the testimony of the people themselves, that our production of crops has gone down about 25 per cent. Our income from crops has gone down twelve to fifteen million dollars as compared with that received a decade or so ago. The annual income from agricultural crops, livestock and livestock products from 1920 to 1930 was approximately sixty to sixty-eight million dollars. Since 1931 it has been only from thirty to forty-eight million dollars, and in the meantime our indebtedness has increased.

In 1910 the farm mortgage debt recorded on the lands of Utah was approximately seven and one-half million dollars. In 1937 the recorded mortgage debt was approximately forty-five million dollars.

I should like to appeal to you to consider the soil we have as a heritage that must be preserved for ourselves and those who come after us. It is a heritage in which the fertility must be kept up—a heritage that must continue to produce and give us a satisfying living. The soil of this state is our greatest resource. Many of us think of it as only commonplace. We are treating it as though there were plenty of it.

Many farming methods are a process of mining the soil, apparently with the feeling that nature will replace whatever has been mined out. After ninety years of cultivation and scarcely more than three per cent of the total land plowed, we should consider the cultivated acres as a precious heritage that must be preserved. If we are to continue to live in this area and grow, we must increase the cultivated area. The good soils in these valleys are our future and our living.

In order to preserve the soil, we must give consideration to the natural resources about us. The report from the Natural Resources Board indicates we are extracting the phosphorus from the soils of the nation about thirty times as fast as we are replacing it, and our production is going down accordingly. Land values have fallen off in proportion to the lost fertility. Available plant food must be maintained and all available fertilizer used.

THE next most precious resource we have is water. There is not a balance between the good land we have and the water available. Five or six million acres of land in the State of Utah are good enough to cultivate and continue production. Apparently there is not enough water to cultivate that amount, but our present use of water has not been the most economical. The history of the use of water in Utah, as we look back over the years of its development, is strikingly interesting. It has been the very life blood of our agricultural existence.

We have made the supreme exertion in diversion dams, storage reservoirs, and the building of canals, and out on the ditch people have fought most intensely over the water rights. The most striking thing is that after that unusual struggle—a veritable battle for the proper allo-

cation of water—when water is finally conveyed to one's farm it is not always economically used. It is often wasted in the irrigation process. Yes, worse than wasted, because we use the water to wash away the cream of the soil. The high nutriment and the high food value appear in the upper few inches of the soil, and careless irrigation can easily wash that material away. As a result we are destroying a resource, and we are cutting down our incomes because of it.

In Weber and Davis counties last year, through the Agricultural Conservation program, we offered the farmers a certain payment in order that all water might be measured on all crops and used in the best way we know how to use water. The stipulation required that the water must be measured on each crop; that not more than six acre inches should be used in each irrigation and there must be no erosion. The number of irrigations was not limited. Records of yields on these farms were kept and the index of one season's work indicates that above normal yields were produced with considerable less water than is ordinarily applied.

The reason I emphasize water as a waste of natural resources, is that if we can spread the water economically over a larger area, we can make more homes, which is the growing need of this state at the present time.

Probably some of us have not realized how dry this state is, as a whole. We are told that 60 per cent of the state's area does not have enough rainfall to produce permanent streams, and the other sections only about half enough. Most of the area cultivated requires from one acre foot to three acre feet of water per year in order to satisfactorily produce ordinary crops. Without this great natural resource, we could not live here. We must learn to preserve water, to extend it to the largest economic application, and adopt irrigation practices that will build our soils rather than destroy them.

There are several specific needs that should be remembered which would add to our water resources in Utah, if we are to accomplish what we desire. We are told that only 40 per cent of the water diverted from the streams ever reaches the land. Measurements indicate that only from 12 to 35 per cent of the water that is put on the land is actually used by the growing plants. Therefore, a more economic practice is necessary. At present, as precious as water is, we allow great quantities of our flood waters to run down and go to waste. This water is money in our locality. It is wealth. It means the possibility of new homes. Therefore, if we are going to grow, we must save that water which is now going to waste. I hope to live long enough to see that even the Church will advocate that the waste of water is both sinful and immoral. If we are to live and grow in this arid region, water must be completely used. The water which is now going to waste in the winter flow and during the flood season must be preserved in reservoirs.

A more economic use of underground water must be accomplished. Then, we have this great last resource before us—the Colorado River. Everyone should interest himself in the possibility of the new lands which might be irrigated from the Colorado River, both by irrigation within the Colorado basin and by trans-mountain diversion of water to the large valleys over the divide.

PROBABLY the next item that comes to us as a resource is the range. I should like to take you back for a moment to the time of settlement in this locality. You know of many homes that were established on a small tract of land from which a satisfied living could not be extracted, but the intention of the home maker was that part of the living should be taken from the livestock on the range and part from work on the farm. Distress has come to many families of the state because the range has gone down in its production, and employment on the farm has been taken away by large machinery.

If we are going to get the most out of our natural resources, we must preserve and protect the range. Seven and one-half million acres of the range are in the Forest Reserves, and about 25 million acres in public domain, all of which is now under supervision. If we would apply to this thing a larger measurement, we would rather be led to the conclusion that the land we are cultivating is only about sufficient to produce winter forage which would allow complete utilization of the range. Rehabilitating and preserving the range is as vital in the State of Utah as preserving the fertility on the lands we are cropping.

Probably there is no land we have in the State of Utah more important than the water-shed land. This is the natural reservoir that feeds our summer streams, and must be protected. About nine million acres are considered fundamentally important for water shed protection. About six million acres of this amount are in the Forest Service, but there are still approximately three million acres that are either out in the open or in private ownership. The fact that a lot of this land is in private holdings does not seem to have helped materially.

The Forest Service has other items of interest to us. Of the seven and one-half million acres in the forest, a little over four million acres are timber land. The Forest Service tells us there are 7,120,000,000 board feet in the standing timber of the forest lands in the state. It is estimated that this timber would yield 86 million board feet annually and maintain. At present we are cutting about 30 to 35 million board feet annually. In other words, the forests will yield approximately 50 million more board feet annually than we are taking from them. It would seem only wise that we use that which we have in our own forest and make a little better use of the industry which might come as a result of these trees fabricated into building material.

We have in connection with the forests, the wild life. Much has been said about what we get out of that resource, but I find we are not getting all we should. We get the recreation—and recreation in the state is growing rapidly. Probably this is one of our resources and it should be counted as an income over the entire state. During 1937, 231,735 people visited the two parks, Bryce and Zion. I do not have the records on some of the smaller parks. During the same year, 600,000 visited Rocky Mountain park in Colorado, and the trend is upward. Our increase last year was eight per cent, while the increase in Colorado was 14 per cent. People come here and they want something. They come to the West and expect to see something that is wild, and if that is what they want we should sell it to them. There is no reason why they can not find things as wild as they want them.

I know of no more profitable business than selling scenery. We sell

it year after year and we have it all left in the fall. Some of us have not appreciated some of the things we really have. This is the only state in the Union where we have the great laccolith mountains. These are written up in every geology book published in the world. They are very well known except in Utah. We should say more about them. We make a great deal of fuss over a natural bridge, but the larger things by the side we let pass by.

WE are not doing enough in the working up of our native materials. Utah is always among the highest, never less than third, in the production of silver, but as you look around, practically every silversmith is gone, for silver offered in this state has usually been shaped and engraved somewhere else. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had in our group someone who could take that silver and begin an industry that would give our young people something to do, and at the same time have something to sell!

It is the youth about whom we are worried. This problem of youth has crept upon us so gradually that probably we think it will take care of itself. But when we stop to realize that records indicate that 2,450 boys and girls from the rural districts of Utah are arriving at the age of 21 each year, with 1,213 young men on the average for the last five years arriving at the age of 21, it presents a serious problem. What are we offering them? This means under normal living and normal procedure, a probable one thousand new rural families each year, which should mean a probable one thousand new homes to be occupied. We must have some expansion, and I appeal to you women, especially, to analyze your own locality and see what you might have in your section in the possibility of expanding lands, new water development, or other things that will offer these young people new homes.

If I were asked what is the most crying need in Utah today, I would answer that it is a few thousand new homes and new industries—not a home consisting of two rooms, with a kitchen and living room in one end and the bedroom in the other—but a home from which a decent standard of living might be extracted. Industries should be developed in the state to use Utah's natural resources that will give to the young unemployed people a place to work and place to earn.

We have in the state many natural resources. The time has come when these should receive attention. The wonderful marble and marble onyx that is prized so highly in several localities has not received sufficient attention in the state. Even onyx marble specimens or polished articles are not available to the tourists. This material is a novelty everywhere except here.

The great deposit of bentonite in Box Elder county should be worked into an industry. The variscites and florites of Tooele county should be worked into ornaments and attractive specimens, and probably combined with silver, which is so easily available, to make an industry. As it is, our own people buy large quantities of similar materials and bring them home rather than selling the natural resources we have.

The salt from the lake has long been a novelty. Halite specimens from the salt mines of Sevier county would be a great attraction.

We have spoken of the necessity of phosphorus to rehabilitate our soils. There are only three places in the United States other than the West where phosphate is found.

There is a small tonnage in Tennessee, some in the northern part of Florida, and some in South Carolina. About 95 per cent is found in Utah, Wyoming and Idaho. This material should be available so people can see it and be permitted to purchase specimens and carry them away.

The little area known as the Crawford mountain in Rich county contains more than six million tons of very high grade phosphate. This should be worked into an industry. Little benefit has been obtained from the application of raw rock, but the ore must be treated to make it water soluble before plants can use it.

We have a great mining district in Utah. The income from the mines is reported by a bank in California as $88,000,000 for the year 1937. Fine specimens of ore should be available for tourists. Some mines are known for their fine crystals, with the probable highest value in keepsake specimens rather than their metaliferous content.

In many parts of the state, agate, onyx and petrified woods are available. To make, cut and polish these specimens might easily furnish an industry to some young people. The great alunite deposit of Piute county is quite well known over the nation. High grade alunite is attractive and possibly could be sold more for hand specimens than its aluminum and potash values. The alabaster found in Emery county is most attractive but not available. The magnatite of Iron county is a novelty, and almost everyone is interested in a rock that will pick up iron.

The natural coke in the coal mines is described in many localities but I have never seen a piece available for distribution or sale to our tourists. Topaz mountain is known quite well to mineral collectors. It would seem possible to make an asset out of it. Gilsonite, elaterite and ozokerite are found principally in Utah. There are many fine fossil forms for which the formations of Utah are famous. Cornetite and uranite specimens are found quite abundantly in Emery and Grand counties. This material is a novelty because of its radio activity.

The essential ingredients in paint are lead and zinc with oil. Utah is among the first two or three states in the nation in the production of lead and zinc. As one rides up and down the state he is thoroughly convinced that Utah needs paint and has been needing it for years. Is it not possible to develop an industry for the manufacture of white lead and zinc oxide, rather than shipping these materials to St. Louis or a farther distance, then buying the material back as paint at a greatly increased cost, having paid the freight both ways?

There are many attractive natural woods in Utah, especially our mountain mahogany, oaks and maples. There are still some few people left in the districts of the state who have the fine art of wood carving, novelty furniture making, etc., which might easily offer remunerative rewards.

There is the possibility of working up wools and skins, which are always attractive to tourist purchasers. Utah has more than two and one-half million sheep, producing more than 20 million pounds of wool. All its wool is shipped out of the state for washing and fabricating, and even our knitting mills essentially buy yarns prepared somewhere else.

LET us give our natural resources careful consideration. It is my conviction there are a great number of things we can do that we have not attempted yet.

I feel chagrined when I talk of the indebtedness we owe to the

Federal Land Bank. At the present time Utah owes 30 million dollars. When they gave us a rating two years ago we were put in 47th place, with only one state below us, and that state is made up largely of colored people. Our present position today is only 40th. This debt must be paid. It is not that the people are trying to avoid it but we must have more income. It means working up every solitary thing we have in our communities. Be your own dreamers, be your own promoters. Let's not allow someone else to come here and take this thing up and make money from it. Develop your own industries, and I am sure we can increase the income we have.

We still have one thing, to my mind, that is the greatest of our natural resources. When the pioneers came to this country they came with a definite code of ethics; they came with definite standards of living in honesty, integrity and morality, and a definite code of behavior toward each other. As long as we can maintain that same code of ethics I feel we are rich, and that we will go forward and get out of this difficulty we are in at present.

I pray the Lord to bless us, bless us with the courage of our convictions, and courage enough to do the thing that we know we ought to do, and I am sure we will go forward with a better standard of living.

FOR FATHER ON HIS DAY

By Vesta P. Crawford

It was from you I learned to love a field
And watch the rhythm of the seasons pass
From falling of the mantled web of snow
Unto the bending of the seeded grass;
The miracle within a furrow's yield
To you was like the moving of God's hand
That turned the tender blades to yellow glow
And flamed the harvest on the eager land.

I've seen you look upon the withered grain
In time of drought, and with no bitter word
Make ready for another year. I have heard
You ask of summer night a prayer for rain.
And ever I would stand as you have done
With courage high between the earth and sun!

Brigham Young's Qualities of Leadership

By Elder Nephi L. Morris

ONE hundred thirty-seven years ago last June first a child was born in the little village of Whittingham, Windham County, Vermont. The parents gave the child the unusual name of Brigham. Little did they think that name would be boldly and legibly written across the western continent particularly from the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast. The name of Brigham Young after the lapse of a century and a third, looms with increasing boldness with the passing of each decade.

WOODROW Wilson once said that the eight horses which draw the triumphal chariot of every ruler and leader of free men are: Force of Character, Readiness of Resources, Clearness of Vision, Grasp of Intellect, Courage of Conviction, Earnestness of Purpose, and an Instinct and Capacity for Leadership.

To these outstanding qualities, essential in any great leader, I must, in order to do justice to and complete the character under consideration, add two additional qualifications. They are first, a Love and a Desire to Bless Mankind, and second, the indefinable but unmistakable thing known as Divine Inspiration.

One observation before we proceed: Good leadership is nullified only by poor followers. It can succeed only through good followers. What made Brigham Young's tremendous work successful was the high average quality of his followers. What he didn't know, what he couldn't do, they did know and did do. As a natural result the outstanding success was attained by the happy combination of excellent leadership and as equally splendid quality of following.

Taking up the well defined elements of great leadership let us first consider those of Instinct and Capacity in combination. They are necessarily associated.

IT IS faithfully recorded in Church history that upon the first meeting of Brigham Young and the Prophet Joseph Smith the latter made the statement that Brigham Young would some day preside over this people. Some ten or twelve years later, at the time of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, the Saints were for a time in a state of bewilderment and serious confusion. Sidney Rigdon, once counselor to the Prophet and member of the First Presidency, vigorously asserted his claims to a "trusteeship" over the Church. For days he publicly contended before the people that he should be recognized in that capacity.

It should be remembered that authority in the Church was first bestowed by ordination upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. Upon their heads was conferred a fulness of Apostolic authority and the Keys of Presidency over the Dispensation established upon the earth were distinctly given to them. In due course of time the Quorum of Twelve was organized and upon the shoulders of the members of that quorum Joseph placed the responsibility and authority of leadership. That is the quorum second in authority and upon the

dissolution of the quorum of the First Presidency the right of jurisdiction and authority devolves upon the Twelve. Sidney Rigdon was not a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. With the passing of the Prophet the quorum of the Presidency was dissolved and the successor in authority was the quorum of apostles. By a singular succession of events the senior member of the Twelve, one Thomas B. Marsh, apostatized and had been excommunicated from the Church. The second member in order of seniority was the sainted David W. Patten who suffered martyrdom at the hands of an infuriated mob, about seventy-five in number, on Log Creek, Missouri.

Brigham Young was next in order of seniority. He arrived at Nauvoo some time after Mr. Rigdon had amply set forth his claims. Other members of the quorum had also arrived upon the scene. A public meeting of the members of the distressed people was called. Brigham Young addressed the multitude. As he proceeded with his counsel to the Church and set before the throng the proper line of procedure the people listened to him with satisfaction. His hearers were amazed at the resemblance of his voice and facial features to those of the martyred Prophet. They are said to have exclaimed in great numbers, "It is the face of Joseph." "It is the voice of Joseph." Confusion and perplexity were removed from their minds and they heeded the voice of a modern Moses whose leadership was so providentially manifest to them.

THE Prophet's prophecy was to be fulfilled. The great body of the Church followed Brigham. He was at once recognized as the presiding member of the Twelve and as such presided over the Church and was soon afterwards formally sustained as President of the Church. This exalted office he successfully administered from then until the day of his demise, in 1877.

In this remarkable manner were the qualities of leadership recognized by the people and indicated by the Almighty. Time vindicated both. Now history gives her generous approval. But more than this, by his selection as a leader of the people, the integrity of church organization has been once for all established and preserved in the Church.

Innocence in childhood, or in the untutored mind of the savage oftentimes may recognize true character more clearly than the mere subtle minds of cultured and cunning people. I relate an incident in demonstration of this truth because it again demonstrates the conspicuous qualities of leadership inherent in the subject of our sketch.

Many of the Indian tribes were unfriendly to the settlers and travelers here in pioneer days. Unfortunately, in many instances, this attitude was justified. But Brigham Young maintained very friendly relations with the tribes and their chiefs. Two outstanding chiefs, viz., Arapeen and Peteetnit were among that class. Under the Territorial government President Brigham Young was appointed by the Federal government to the position of Indian Agent. He was succeeded in that capacity by one Mr. Farney. Chief Arapeen made a striking observation concerning the two men and the comparative trustworthiness of each. He said: "The words of Farney are mere bawling. What he says goes into one ear and passes out of the other. When Brigham Young, he speak, what he says goes into both ears and

sink down into the heart and stay there."

I repeat, a child, a simple-minded but honest savage may be unerring in his interpretation of human nature. Perhaps it is one of nature's intuitive weapons of self-defense.

IT WILL be remembered that the original band of "Mormon" Pioneers left Winter Quarters, now called Florence, Nebraska, in April, 1847, and reached the end of their memorable journey on July 24, 1847. It consisted of one hundred forty-eight persons in all and they had seventy-three wagons in their train.

The year before, the unhappy Donner-Reed party of western-bound emigrants started from Springfield, Illinois, in the month of May. Their party consisted of approximately ninety people. They traveled along safely and pleasantly as far as Fort Bridger. By the time of their arrival there, their numbers had become greatly augmented by large and small groups uniting with them until they then numbered about four hundred. Donner, because of his age, wealth, experience and influence was chosen leader. Reed was a close second choice and made a substantial contribution to the management of affairs as long as things went well with the sturdy band. Their personnel was made up of a splendid lot of miscellaneous people among whom were many kind, courageous, self-sacrificing and noble men and women. Some of these were cast in the mold from which heroes come. Yet there were among them those who had elements of weakness, selfishness, and treachery. Man for man, however, there appears to be no substantial difference between the two historic pioneering groups—except for one thing and that was in the important matter of leadership and organization. The Donner party at Fort Bridger was persuaded by one Lansford W. Hastings to take an unknown route, supposedly shorter by three hundred miles, which took them around the south shores of Great Salt Lake instead of over the well traveled Oregon Trail via Fort Hall and northwest from that historic early day landmark. This ill-advised decision upon the part of the Donner party resulted in the reduction of the party back to about its original number. Proceeding from Fort Bridger they reached Salt Lake Valley by way of Emigration Canyon.

THEIR trail, the "Mormon" Pioneers faithfully followed into the valley the following season. But this was the end of the journey to the latter group but to the former it was the end of safe and successful travel and resulted finally in their suffering from thirst, food for their cattle, and still more seriously in the loss of unity of effort and complete destruction of leadership and harmony in their now tragic journey. On the treacherous and impassible salt flats the cattle became exhausted and maddened from thirst. Eighteen of the Donner's oxen dashed out on the salt desert to die of thirst and hunger, never to be seen again by man. On and on slowly they trudged over the sterile saline ocean bed, leaving behind them by degrees, excess weight. Utensils, equipment, and finally wagons were abandoned, left to bleach in the summer's sun and the salty waters of the winters. Their tracks are still visible for no white man on wheels has since traversed or even crossed the trail they made. A cruel early winter set in upon their unhoused heads and October snows began to impede their already slow progress. November snows increas-

ed the depth and those of December buried them beneath 15 to 20 feet as they reached the beautiful lake since named after their leader. They made rude huts to shelter them from the bitter cold and the constantly deepening snows. Futile efforts were made to cross the Humbolt Mountains. Snow shoes were made of neck-yoke bows and rawhide strips. Death made heavy inroads. Oxen were killed for food. Finally the hides were eaten and the horrors of hunger ultimately drove these kindly, noble, men, women and children to the last fearful extremity. Lots were cast for the one to take the life of a starving fellow that others might live and probably save the rest. The executioner selected refused, but death took his place and then human flesh was eaten that women and children might be saved from the most terrible of deaths. Beautiful Donner Lake became their burial ground—the saddest, most tragic in all America.

THESE unfortunate people were just as courageous, as valorous, as heroic and as kind as were the followers of Brigham Young. He did not pass through such a hazardous piece of territory. His leadership had inspired him to follow good advice and all information available to him and his associates was carefully weighed and divine guidance fervently sought every step of the way. In comparing Brigham Young with George or Jacob Donner or James Frazier Reed, I do not do so with the least suggestion of criticism or unkindness, but with thanksgiving in my heart that a capable leadership was provided for the "Mormon" Pioneers that was equal to every emergency that arose in their great undertaking.

To show that Brigham Young and his noble band was threatened by the disintegrating forces of disunion, quarreling and criminal tendencies, which could have easily brought the noble enterprise to complete ruin, I will submit for your consideration a few pages of pioneer history taken from the dependable journal of the intelligent and trustworthy William Clayton, written day-by-day along the way. The crisis of the journey seemed to come to a head on the 29th day of May. The company was near Chimney Rocks, not far from Scott's Bluffs. Brigham Young called a halt on the procedure and told them he felt like holding a meeting as he had some things to say to them.

After defining the causes of past persecutions of his people and the behavior of evil men in seeking the destruction of the Saints, he continued thus: "Nobody has told me what has been going on in this camp, but I have known it all the while. I have been watching its movements, its influence, its effects, and I know the result of it if not put a stop to. If you do not open your hearts so that the spirit of God can enter into your hearts and teach you the right way, I know that you are a ruined people and will be destroyed, and that without remedy, and unless there is a change and a different course of conduct, a different spirit to what is now in this camp, I go no farther. I am in no hurry. Give me a man of prayer, give me a man of faith, give me a man of meditation, a sober-minded man, and I would far rather go amongst the savages with six or eight such men than to trust myself with the whole of this camp with the spirit they now possess."

Describing their weaknesses, their petty wrong-doings, their idleness, their telling of unworthy jokes, in-

dulging in profanity, (Brigham Young came from a Methodist family) their gambling and giving away to anger and rage, he said, "If you had liquor with you, you would be at each other's throats with a knife."

Then he admonished them, "If you do not wish to obey the laws of the kingdom of God, and seek for the spirit of Christ, walk in unity and humbly, I admonish you to turn around and go back. For I will not go any farther with this company as it is." "Do you suppose that we are going to look out a home for the Saints, a resting place, a place of peace where they can build up the the kingdom (of God) and bid the nations welcome, with a low, mean, dirty, trifling, covetous, wicked spirit dwelling in your bosoms? It is vain, vain! I now tell you if you do not stop it (that is, your unseemly behavior) you shall be cursed by the Almighty and shall dwindle away and be damned. Such things shall not be suffered in this camp. You shall honor God and confess His name or else you shall suffer the penalty. I am one of the last to ask my brethren to enter into a solemn covenant, but if they will not enter into a covenant to put away their iniquity and turn to the Lord and serve Him and acknowledge and honor His name, I want them to take their wagons and retreat, for I shall go no farther under such a state of things. I think it will be good for us to have a fast meeting tomorrow and a prayer meeting to humble ourselves and turn to the Lord and He will forgive us."

He then called upon all the men present, and there were eight apostles among them, four bishops, fifteen high priests, seventy-eight seventies and eight elders.

ALL covenanted in a solemn meeting, with uplifted hands. Other leaders spoke favorably of the admonitions of the President, and the meeting adjourned and each man went back to his wagon, many expressing gratitude for what had transpired. Brother Clayton adds, "No loud laughter was heard, no swearing, no quarreling, no profane language, no hard speeches to man or beast, and it really seemed as though a cloud had burst and we had emerged into a new element, a new atmosphere and a new society."

In this dramatic crisis which had slowly arisen the great spiritual leadership of Brigham Young was clearly manifest. Through the spirit of God he was able to touch the hearts of unruly and ungodly men and bring them to repentance,—back to their better selves. This incident gives a fine demonstration of instinct and capacity as well as divine inspiration in leadership. From then on the pioneers pursued their way, well-behaved, kind, orderly, happy, singing songs and hymns—a united band of brethren.

DURING the prolonged series of persecutions suffered by the Latter-day Saints at the hands of mobs and militias in Missouri and Illinois it became very clear to Brigham Young that the body of religious worshippers to which he belonged would never be permanently welcomed in those states. It became increasingly clear to him that the Latter-day Saints, in order to develop as a people and work out their exalted hopes of world reform and salvation must have freedom of opportunity.

As late as 1842 Joseph Smith had prophetically declared that the Saints were destined to become a "mighty people in the midst of the Rocky

Mountains." Thus the Prophet had pointed the way to freedom and development. This made the course of procedure still more clear but it involved tremendous responsibility and required great wisdom and skill in planning the great migration. To select a place for the establishment of his people was his supreme task. Such an enterprise and venture involved the fate of his people and their relationship to this country which had now practically expatriated them. The situation was fraught with infinite potentialities. Clear thinking, proper behavior, and the preservation of unity among his people were paramount. Could all three be accomplished and the highest aims in respect to each be achieved? That was again his task.

AFTER nearly a decade had passed President Young reviewed this trying situation in a sermon delivered in 1853 from the pulpit of the "Old Tabernacle" (a building which stood about where the Assembly Hall now stands). He said, "I will mention a few things, a few doings, that transpired in Missouri, when they had Joseph and others in prison. General Clark had discretionary power from Governor Boggs to kill man, woman and child, or to spare the women and children, or distribute the whole community of Saints among the other inhabitants, just as he pleased. The cause of this was laid to the 'Mormon disturbances,' 'Mormon troubles,' though the 'Mormons' had not been off their own county, for they owned nearly the whole county where they lived, and they did not go beyond their own boundaries except on lawful and necessary business. We had given up our arms by their request to prove our loyalty to the government and then many of them said, 'Now G— D— you, we'll shoot you,' and some of the Saints were killed after they had surrendered their arms in faithful compliance with the requirements.

"The starting point of our persecution arose by our enemies setting fire to their own houses, swearing they were burned out by the 'Mormons.' This I know for it came under my own observation. When General Clark came into Far West with his army, he sent George M. Hinkle, an apostate, to call out the remainder of the brethren on to the public square, and when they were assembled he surrounded them with his men, and said, 'Gentlemen, I have discretionary power in my hands, and I will tell you what we desire. We wish one to go home with this man, and another with that man, and take your wives and children with you, and distribute yourselves throughout the state. You are the best mechanics and the most industrious people we have, and you have accomplished more in two years than our whole settlers have in twelve. We wish you to live with us. Why cannot you associate with us? I want you to scatter among our people and give up your religion and Prophet, for I will tell you now, in the beginning, you will never see your Prophet Joseph Smith again.' (Said I to myself, "that is a falsehood," quoting Brigham Young.) 'Only mingle with us and give up your prophet and apostles, and your assembling yourselves together and we wish you to stay with us, for you are the best citizens in the state.' I thought that these expressions did not correspond well with many of his remarks, and being determined not to give up my religion, I at once concluded that he might go to Hades, and I would leave the state, and so

I did, with the balance of the Latter-day Saints, as they had previously killed many."

Observe in the following statement the position of the Latter-day Saints with respect to the Federal Constitution:

"Brethren and sisters, our friends wish to know our feelings toward the government. I answer, they are first-rate and we will prove it, too, as you will see, if you live long enough; for that we shall live to prove it is certain; and when the Constitution of the United States hangs, as it were, upon a single thread, they will call for the 'Mormon' Elders to save it from utter destruction, and they will step forward and do it."

Another observation: "We love the Constitution of our country. It is all we could ask; though in some few instances there might be some amendments made which would better it, etc."

HE HAD a clear vision as to the future of his people; a clear vision as to the rights of American citizens, religiously and politically; a clear vision as to the destiny of his people; that they should not be scattered by distribution even unto obliteration; a clear vision as to the enjoyment of religious freedom, by any and all Americans; he had a clear vision as to the nature and value of the Federal Constitution and the propriety of its amendment by lawful and proper procedure.

Here is another instance in which Brigham Young had a clearness of vision in one of his bigger undertakings, which borders upon the superhuman, if it does not go altogether over into the domain of revelation. It is in connection with the building of the great Temple in this city.

This extract is taken from a sermon he delivered in the Old Tabernacle April 3, 1853. Said he, "I do not like to prophesy much, I never do, but I will venture to guess that this day, and the work we have done (the laying of the corner stone of the Temple) will long be remembered by this people, and be sounded as with a trumpets' voice throughout the world, as far, as loud and as long as steam, wind and the electric current can carry it.

"Some will say, 'Do you suppose we shall finish this temple, Brother Brigham?' I do not know. This I do know, there shall be a temple built here. I do know it is the duty of this people to commence to build a temple. Now some will want to know what kind of a temple it will be. I know what it will be. I am not a visionary man. I don't often speak of revelations and so on. I have Brother Kimball do my prophesying, but suffice it to say, five years ago last July (It was 1853 when he was speaking. That would throw the date back to July, 1847.) I was here and saw in the spirit the Temple not ten feet from where we have laid the chief corner stone. I have not inquired what kind of a temple it should be. Why? Because it was presented before me. I have never looked upon that ground but the vision of it was there. I see it as plainly as if it were in reality before me. Wait until it is done. I will say, however, it will have six towers, to begin with, instead of one. Now do not any of you apostatize because it will have six towers, and Joseph only built one on each of his temples. It is easier for us to build sixteen than it was for him to build one, and the time will come when there will be one in the center of temples we shall build and on the top groves

and fishponds. But we shall not see them here at present."

Here is a "clearness of vision" which only comes to the average trained mind after much painstaking study and calculation and the well worked out details of the structure as a whole. It was an accurate architectural conception which was afterwards expressed in admirable lines and has served its purpose nobly for upwards of a hundred years and is at present not threatened with obsolescence or deterioration. No small piece of work was this for it required full forty years to build and cost a little less than four million dollars.

AFTER the barbarous expulsion from Nauvoo the exiled Saints were smitten and scattered like sheep upon whom a pack of hungry wolves had ferociously set themselves. To bring about common unity to action was a herculean task. To save them disaster and disintegration was of paramount importance. Of necessity they made a camp which was called Winter Quarters from the cold and inhuman circumstance which forced them to establish a community in the midst of severe winter.

The great western migration was the challenging problem before them. Provisions, equipments and supplies were assembled from all quarters. All property at their command was consequently converted into these necessities. The country into which they were planning to go was without trail or highway so far as they knew. Information from all reliable sources was eagerly sought and carefully assimilated. Aid from Washington was diplomatically and effectively sought. Senator Douglas had sent to them Capt. Fremont's report and topographical maps. These Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball studiously absorbed. Wisely chosen scouts were selected and "set apart" to scout and explore the region they were about to enter for the purpose of "building up Zion," and establishing the kingdom of God.

By the spring of 1847, a carefully selected company of exploring pioneers was assembled, well equipped, properly organized and formed into smaller groups with capable captains presiding over each group. The utmost care was given to every detail and their safe arrival at their destination while the country was still under the summer's sway is evidence of great resourcefulness and masterful executive ability. Not one member of the company had been lost or seriously injured. All arrived who were expected to. Some few remained at certain posts to aid oncoming companies. And as before stated, the last hundred miles of their journey, though arduous and difficult in every way was made in peace and security and organized harmony prevailed. When the destination was reached, while many were sorely disappointed at the announcement that the end of the long trail had been attained, it was with characteristic clearness of vision and the power to see the resourcefulness of their promised land that Brigham Young uttered those decisive and memorable words: "THIS IS THE PLACE." *Reprint—Deseret News*

To be concluded in July issue.

Women We Should Know

Ruth Harwood—Artist-Poet

By Ramona W. Cannon

RUTH HARWOOD was a sensitive and imaginative little girl with an unusual awareness of the beauty which surrounded her. She spent her youth in Salt Lake City, with occasional visits to Utah County. Color, contour, skies, mountains, lakes, trees and flowers, animal life—all affected her growing nature. Daughter of a sympathetic mother and an artist-father, Ruth was encouraged to express, both in poetry and in drawing or painting, the beauty in which she delighted.

One of the joys of her childhood was to listen to tales of the Pioneers, narrated by her grandparents, or others of their day. She, herself, is a great-granddaughter of Willard Richards, whose influence and judgment were of great value to the Church in the historic period of the settlement of Utah.

These dual influences of her youth, her desire to express beauty, and her subconscious response to her pioneer background with its ideals and its achievement in the fields of the New, were important in the shaping of her life. In her book, "Temple Builders," she says: "O Pioneers, . . . surely somewhere there must be other plains to cross, and other mountains to climb which can challenge and use all that is best in us as your Gospel did in you."

IT was in the field of art that Miss Harwood was to discover those unknown mountains and plains which her striving spirit longed to conquer in its search for truth.

Even as a young girl, she was a pioneer among western artists in her use of vivid and vibrating colors, such as have since become the vogue. But far overshadowing this achievement is her later strikingly original work in creative designs which symbolize the aspirations of the human soul.

This concept of presenting pictorially the universal spiritual struggle of man, and the method of working it out in black, white, and various tones of gray, came as the result of a long spiritual-artistic quest.

Her groping began in Greenwich Village where she came to feel that the "turmoil of ambition and competition in which most artists whirled was a derangement, a disease, rather than a condition to be desired." (Temple Builders.) She sensed, as she expresses it, that much of the modern art is the fruit of discord rather than of the harmony which she was seeking.

During these years she took her Master's Degree in Art at Berkeley, won the annual poetry prize there, and later studied in New York, Paris, and Italy. She won a national American poetry prize for a sonnet on Browning, illustrated a volume of verse for Miss Ruth St. Denis, and illustrated many of her own charming lyrics. One which has been particularly well liked appears as the frontispiece in this issue of the Magazine. It is also used as the frontispiece in her collection of poems, "The Lyric Road." A number of her lyrics have appeared in

RUTH HARWOOD

both American and British Anthologies.

In New York she became acquainted with Mary Carolyn Davies, Edwin Markham, Kahlil Gibran and other American poets. Through some of these friends she met Ruth St. Denis, pioneer in the field of the dance in America, and an earnest student of art in relation to life. This was an inspirational experience for the western girl, still engaged in her quest, for Miss St. Denis seemed to make articulate to the seeker the very ideas which were struggling in her own heart for expression. In "Temple Builders," Ruth summarizes Miss St. Denis' interpretation of the mission of art as follows: "The lesser art of the world is for utility and pleasure, but the greater art is used for healing and spiritual unfoldment. The lesser arts express our longings and our lacks, but the

divine art radiates our glorious affirmation of life."

Thenceforward, Ruth Harwood's art history was a graduation from the realm of the personal and the emotional to the realm of the universal and the spiritual, and her flowering was swift and true.

EACH day Ruth spends time in meditation, reaching into that elusive borderland where the lower consciousness meets the higher consciousness of inspiration. She has the ability to capture the overtones of spiritual song, the ineffable shapes of thoughts and dreams and aspirations and to translate them into concrete form for the enlightenment of others. It is this quality which makes her a pioneer in her own field of art.

Her poetry, prose, and design compositions, are all phases of her philosophy of divine "affirmation of life." She has a series of designs representing the eternal spiritual pilgrimage of humanity. In one of these we see man, standing a tip-toe on a mountain height, just at the moment when he succeeds in pressing aside the intricate webs of time and space, and catches the majestic vision of the white radiating light of the Eternal.

Without describing all the designs, we might summarize briefly their philosophy, as expressed by the artist herself in "Toward the Light," or in conversation regarding her work. Aspiring man passes through the stage of "greed for earthly possessions;" then comes "the interlude of inward transformation," followed by "the chrysalis unfoldment which brings the first faint striving for the Light;" then the slow upward ascent. "Each man must find his own way of life which leads him truly upward toward the Light." Lesser spirits become confused and overbalanced by the ills of life; great spirits do not lose their poise, but maintain a steadfast upward course. The upward path is the path of universal love. "By the glorious law of spirit, all human circumstance can be transmuted into fuel for the burning of this divine fire" of enlightenment and progress.

Was not this latter ideal the source of the Pioneers' strength during their persecutions and drivings? Accepted in the proper spirit, every hardship and trial meant spiritual growth. God would "sanctify" to them their "deepest distress."

Miss Harwood uses numerous constant symbols in her work. There is white representing the Light of the Eternal—light, untouched and pure—behind all creation. Various designs indicate the pattern of time and space in its varying manifestations against this White Light of the Eternal. There is the life-giving sun, with its radiating balanced pattern, the rays representing Truth, and the concentric circles symbolizing Love. Black represents the dark or evil of life from which the soul is attempting to escape into a vision of the White Light.

These and other elements are used in a stylized technique of rhythmical lines and geometric figures, all of which are inspired by the underlying patterns found in the art work of Nature. Over and over again Nature uses rhythmic and balanced patterns in her myriad designs —the tides of the sea, insects, forms of snowflakes, veining of leaves, flowers, the decorative pattern and the form of every sea-shell, man with his own beautiful balance, the poplar tree, with limbs upraised in worship. In one of Miss Harwood's designs, the lower soul is struggling

to reach the higher, and the higher is represented by a small circle in which a picture is dimly outlined. This conception was inspired by a droplet of rain water, reflecting the surrounding landscape. All these patterns of line and shape, which are part of divine truth and eternal design, suggest the media through which Ruth Harwood pictures the spiritual pilgrimage of man.

The human figures in these designs, as they leave behind them the more earthy aspects of life and attain higher realms of truth, are endowed with emotional qualities of lightness, joy, victory, uplift in the long ascent. Some of these compositions have now been made into lantern slides, which, when projected, give an added effect of luminosity to the White Light of the Eternal, and a more dramatic contrast between this and the dark patterns. Mrs. Claire Stewart Boyer, who has given sympathetic reviews of "Temple Builders", comments with interpretations and quotations suitable to the atmosphere of the pictures. Such an hour is an upbuilding spiritual experience for those who participate.

MISS HARWOOD resides with her partner, Miss Vere L. Matthews, in a hill-top cottage in Berkeley which they have converted into a workshop, *The Guilders Publishing Center,* for the preparation of their own products. Here reigns the ideal of the old guilds, the joy of workmanship in every phase of artistic expression. Here, too, another pioneering project is being evolved, as these two young women print and publish and distribute their own work. This makes it possible to preserve their artistic integrity, and to produce with a sense of freedom from the restraints which so often hamper those who must please certain publishers or a certain public. Their independence has been surprisingly successful, and they build their own clientele without middlemen.

Here have been created copies of "The Lyric Road"; "Toward the Light" with its pilgrimage designs and the poetry of their interpretations; and "Temple Builders", the autobiographical book in prose which explains her approach to art. She has worked on this book for fifteen years and has set forth in it much of her soul and her mind.

Miss Harwood confesses to a frequent nostalgia for the mountains and valleys of her home-place and for her old friends with their sympathetic understanding of her work. So she returns to Salt Lake every year or so. She is now here giving some art and literary programs and teaching University Extension and private classes. She feels that one owes a debt of gratitude to one's birthplace, and she has always had the desire to open for others the vistas of beauty which have given her so much joy.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever; its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness; but still will keep a bower quiet for us, and a sleep full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.

John Keats

You Are Going To Be Married

By Helen Spencer Williams

SO you are going to be married! And right now you are not thinking of anything except your glorious good times—parties, showers, your dainty pink things, your neat little stacks of linen, embroidered with yours and his monogram. The romance of these last few weeks before you take your sacred vows is filled with one thrill after another. This is just as it should be, because a thrilling time it is—a time when all of the world seems to be made and planned for just you two. Stars shine for you. Music with all of its soft harmonies has been selected, it seems, especially because you love it. You never knew life could be so full.

These things to you right now are paramount. In the days prior to your courtship of course there were many things which concerned you both. You were very analytical of each other before your final decision was made, before you asked each other and accepted each other for the greatest experience in all life. There were certain things of which you were very sure—each other's health records and moral traits. Disposition entered into those first friendship days, because no one with intelligence desires to go through life hand in hand with a person who does not have the ability to look upon the sunny side of things as they happen.. There were other things, such as the station in life from which you both came. This was most important to you, because being very intelligent persons you knew the only way to find happiness was to seek it with someone whose ideals, standards, likes, and dislikes were similar to your own.

Your analysis is in the background now and you are looking forward to this great new experience. You feel that on the foundation of those things which were laid during friendship days you are prepared to build a structure which will be permanent and eternal and which by putting into it all of the best materials available, will weather any storm or disaster which may come.

Soon all of this excitement of the few weeks prior to your wedding day and the exhilaration of that greatest of all days will have calmed down. Quite suddenly you will stand together looking into each other's eyes and realize that this game of marriage is before you to make of it success or failure. There is nothing magical in the marriage ceremony. The words that are spoken which bind you together as husband and wife, which make you as one in the eyes of the world and before God, are after all words. It remains with you then, you two people, to bring into full meaning and life the sacredness of those vows and the fulfillment of the promises which are bestowed upon you on the day that you are married.

LET'S think for a moment of the part the wife plays in making of marriage all that it may be. To Latter-day Saint girls the challenge of marriage is perhaps greater than to any other girls in the world, for it is an eternal vow which they take, not just for today, but forever and ever. Because of the importance of this, they must bring all of the intelligence, all of the spirituality in their power to make their marriage successful. After all, it is

up to the girl to make of her house a home. For into the house where the man she loves carries her as a bride, unless there is perfect management, that house remains only a house. It is when the household runs smoothly, when meals are prepared on time, when they are attractively served, when fresh flowers adorn the house, that it becomes home. A girl without managerial ability, which after all is that power to make everything go easily without flustration and excitement, can never run her home as it should be. One man once paid this tribute to his wife: "There have been many times when I have been late for dinner. I can never remember a time in my married life when dinner was late for me. There have been times when I appeared a bit unkempt and unshaved. I never remember of arriving home when I didn't find her cleaned up and the children with clean hands and faces waiting expectantly for me. It means much to a man to have his wife manage things so that he feels an air of importance when he comes home at night tired from a hectic day."

Yet how often all of the good management in the world will fail to make for happiness unless a girl has that blessed quality of good nature, the ability to laugh when the chops burn, when everything seems to go wrong. There is nothing which will endear a wife to her husband, to her friends, and particularly to his relatives, like the spirit of good nature. Once there was a little bride who was entertaining for the first time her husband's family. All day long she baked and cleaned and polished and primped. She was going to serve turkey. The hour of the dinner drew near. Her table was spotless with its bridal linen, shining with its wedding crystal and silver. Everything had turned out perfectly. Then she tried to lift the turkey on its brand new platter to the table only to find that it was too heavy. So she called to her husband to come and carry the festive bird to the guests. He managed beautifully from the kitchen to the table and just as he went to place the platter, the turkey slipped, knocking glasses and flowers and splattering dressing and grease all over. For just a moment there was a tragic silence. No one knew what was going to happen. In that split second everyone wondered how the little bride would take the catastrophe, and then, bless her soul, she started to laugh—not an hysterical laugh, but a low rippling laugh of good nature. Immediately everyone joined in. The mother of the groom said, "You darling." The father muttered something which sounded like, "Good sport." The groom, after the guests had gone, took his little wife into the kitchen and putting his arms around her, said, "I will love you forever for the way you took the clumsy thing I did tonight."

Good nature will help married life over more rough places than anyone could ever imagine, and lucky is the lad who has a wife whose smiles are closer to the surface than are her tears.

Marriage takes loads of understanding, for there is hardly a day comes which does not bring its perplexities, its never-ending financial problems. And the girl who has an understanding heart will bring solace to the man who is out daily fighting battles which few women ever know about.

DURING the first few months of married life, no one will seem very important except just "Me and my wife." But soon the importance of friends will become manifest. No one can go through life without

friends. No man or woman is sufficient unto the other without the addition of friends. Consequently the girl who has social ability, that quality which acts as a magnet drawing people into her circle, is a valuable one. Not that any couple wants to "be on the go" continually. Yet if in the early days of married life there is an air of hospitality born within a home, it will carry throughout all of the years to come. When children grow up in that household, instead of always making excuses to be out, instead of carrying on their courtships in the back seats of automobiles, they will want to come home where mother and father will throw wide the doors and make these children and their friends welcome.

Refinement in married life becomes more important as the years go on. From refinement is born an ever increasing desire for the best that life has to offer. Into the home of a refined couple good books make their way, the sweet harmony of music is heard, pictures of beauty and good taste adorn the walls. Refinement sends its influence into the material things of the home as well as into the actions and words of all those who live therein.

Frequently the young wife is tempted by an alluring call from her old employer to come back at double her old salary and work for him for a few months. Temptation is the only thing it can be called, because the place of a young wife, if it is possible at all, is to establish her home and have her babies in those first early years of marriage. It is the natural thing to do. A thousand times better if parents would come to the aid of young couples who get into straitened financial difficulties than to have the wife go back to work. Of course there are exceptional cases. But often the husband, if his wife is making a salary comparable to his own, gets to feel that after all she is perfectly able to take care of herself, and immediately one of the important qualities of a husband begins to weaken —that quality of being the provider and the protector—then a certain sweetness goes out of their wedded life. The girl who works after marriage, especially during the first several years, finds it easier and easier to put off the time when she shall have her first baby. She argues: "If I work a few more months, I will have enough saved to pay all of the doctor bills, or we can afford to have the bedroom painted and papered." This is such faulty reasoning—balancing the everlasting thrills and joys of having a baby of their own, a family of their own, against material luxuries. A wife's place is in her home, managing it for her husband, and bringing children into the world which will bless them and compensate them a thousand times for any sacrifice which they have to make.

The wife plays an important role in establishing early the type of a home and the kind of a family spirit which she and her husband will have all of their long years together.

NOW what of the husband? There has been much said about the responsibilities of the wife, but not one whit less important is the part which the husband plays. Into this marriage state which can be so gloriously happy or so matter-of-fact and humdrum comes the first thing which to a man may not seem important at all and which either makes or breaks a wife's continued love for him—consideration. There are so many little sweet things which make a wife's twenty-four-hour-a-day job worth while. The expression in the morning of "How sweet you look, dear," "My, these rolls are good," are just little comments

and yet to a woman's heart they sound the keynote of her entire day's song. Consideration—that certain something which causes a man to sense his wife's moods, her needs, and creates in him a desire to adjust to them. Ask any woman if she would rather have a dozen roses on special days like her birthday or Valentine's or if she would take just one thoughtful act, one appreciative expression every day in the year which would cost nothing, and the answer would be unanimously, "The little thing which comes daily to make me realize that he still cares."

The man who gives his wife an allowance, who makes her feel that she is his equal in managing, in budgeting, endears himself to her. Of course she is going to make mistakes, many of them, if she has never earned money and never had any of her own to spend, but how many of the marital quarrels and misunderstandings would be done away with if the young groom would start married life on a partnership basis instead of assuming the attitude that she should account to him for every bar of soap, every can of soup, and every spool of thread. Financial understanding is necessary for happiness.

The husband who, if he has criticisms to make, waits until he is alone with his wife to make them, will ever be beloved by her. So often young couples get into the habit, facetiously perhaps at first, of belittling and ridiculing each other before family and friends. One young couple pledged to each other that unless they could say something praiseworthy of the other when out in company, they would keep silent. Why shouldn't husband and wife be complimentary to each other? Why fall into the habit of saying unkind things?

A wife needs to feel an ever increasing and growing pride in her husband and in his ability. This comes about if her husband ever shows a spirit of ambition, for every girl in the earliest years of her dream of the home that she is someday to have, pictures in that future, security, and she is entitled to it. A man must ever press onward, must ever go forward, improving himself, seeking more knowledge, and endeavoring to better his condition. The spirit of "letting well enough alone" will dull the ardor of a woman's love. A wife's confidence in her husband, her belief that he has great possibilties, and that she knows that some day he is going to achieve and conquer, may be the requisites for keeping that ambition alive.

MARRIAGE without spirituality is not marriage. It is only a few spoken words. The husband and wife who on their wedding day can kneel together and pray that their marriage may be blessed with divine guidance, who will seek each and every day for the fulfillment of the blessings which are promised to them in the Temple of God, who together attend to their Church duties, paying their tithing and giving their service to the Church, will have the greatest chance for successful marriage. With a spiritual foundation, with the desire to bring into their marriage state everything that is lovely, romantic, and good, they will go forward year by year, gaining more happiness, more thrills, and enjoying a more beautiful companionship than was ever dreamed of in those first few ecstatic weeks of planning their marriage.

Youth

By Christie Lund Coles

SOMEONE has called youth the gateway to the Temple of Life. And what an apt and beautiful expression. It is such a lovely time. Such an important time. Such a brief time to mean so much to all that follows after it. The Temple itself depends on this portal, this gateway through which hundreds of our youths are passing even now.

I wish I could reach out to all you young people and touch you and speak to you and in speaking to you, say something that would give you courage and faith, strength and vision. I wish, without preaching, without moralizing, I could make you understand how important it is that you be clean and fine, that you remain true to the best that you know.

It isn't just that we who have gone before like to preach, like to deny you things. It is rather that we know how much greater will be the yield of the years if you are wise and prudent now.

We are still young enough to understand all that you feel, all that you want. We sense your impatience. Life seems so long to you now, love and the thrills of living seem slow in coming. But the real thrills of living are not quite what you think.

Some of you are graduating this month from high schools or colleges, many of you are getting married. These are thrills that will endure and be sweet in memory as long as memories remain. That is, if you come to them worthily: If you graduate realizing that this marks not the end of school alone but the beginning of life, the beginning of responsibility; if you have prepared yourself well for what lies ahead and not wasted your opportunities and must come to look back and wish that you had taken advantage of them.

If you come to marriage pure and sweet, understanding and tender, unselfish and forebearing, you will know the most perfect joy that can come to a man or woman. But if, on the other hand, you have been impatient, if you have believed that it wasn't important that you be absolutely chaste, if you believe that marriage is a one-sided affair, there is pain and disillusionment ahead just as surely as dawn follows night. Millions of broken hearts, ruined lives, shattered faiths testify that this is true. Don't think you have a right to learn these things for yourself. You will regret it all your days. You will wish year in and year out, for as long as you live, that you could go back and start again. True, many fine men and women have started over and gone on to worthy lives and accomplishments. But their scars are there, deep and unhealing. Be sure of that. And the further they have gone the more deeply they have regretted the wrong thing, the selfish and unkind thing.

THE whole world is yours. The whole beautiful Temple of Life. There is nothing to be feared from any source whatever except your own self. You are your only enemy, your only rival, the only one who can really hurt you. Other things and influences can *only hurt you if you let them.*

Make up your minds now where you are going, what you are going to do, what you are going to be. Don't let the world daunt you. It

will bow before the courageous spirit, the happy, confident heart. Don't let the pessimists tell you there is no chance today. There is just as much chance as there has ever been, probably more for the one who dares go ahead, dares make his own opportunities, dares to give the world the best that is in him.

We believe in you, Youth. We trust you. We are wishing the best of everything for you: The riches of peace and honor and pride, a clean conscience and a light heart, all the things that the years will yield if you but enter the gateway to the Temple of Life softly, worthily, knowing that you are in a holy place.

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

"I would be friend of all, the foe, the friendless—
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble for I know my weakness—
I would look up, and laugh, and lift." (Anon.)

JUNE

By Elsie E. Barrett

You're a month so bewitching,
Filled with choice splendidness;
Where each gentle zephyr gives
A dainty caress;

Where tall castles are builded,
And young dreams are fulfilled,
Lulling cares by sweet quiet
When Spring wind has stilled.

To the year you are adding
All your touch of fine arts,
Filling grey and bare places
With sly Cupid's darts;

There's a gladness in treading,
In the seeing and sound,
Building romance and laughter
From beauty around.

Your tranquility reaches
To the heart of REAL things,
As our thoughts soar above us
On bright Spirit-wings.

Silken petals are gleaming
Over rose-bowers high,
Blending colors all pastel
'Neath mist-mellowed sky.

Lovely JUNE could you linger
With your charms ever new,
And the sweet perfumed roses
So faithful to you?

Generations

By Wilford D. Lee

LEWIS JENSEN stepped into his father's store, and knocking the dust off his leather jacket with his gloves, he walked to the back of the store to warm his fingers over the circulating heater. He was a handsome fellow in a dark sort of way, but his face, now begrimed with dirt, was drawn thin with a perpetual melancholy. In his deep blue eyes there was a far-away look, timid, wistful; yet his mouth was set with a firmness that expressed an unusual resolution. Once he started for the door of his father's office, but he stopped at the icebox and drank a bottle of soda water first. Then, straightening his shoulders as if with great effort, he quickly went into the office and closed the door.

Johnny Goodman, the ever-efficient clerk and semi-manager of the Jensen Merc., sat back on the bins behind the counter and strummed absently on the freyed strings of his old ukelele. His thoughts were far away, perhaps scudding with the wild, wind-swept clouds which slithered across the low grey hills to the east. His eyes were as misty as the weather, for that morning Mrs. Goodman had demanded a new coat, and deep down in his innards Johnny knew that such weather offered his wife the best possible excuse for insisting. He was almost to break into a doleful lament when Ellen May Waldrum, who clerked on the dry goods side, came over to get a package of gum.

Moving her head significantly toward the office in the rear, she remarked, "If you ask me, I'd say that there's going to be a blow up between those two some of these days. They are entirely too different to get along.

"I didn't ask you," Johnny answered with an elaborate wink, "because I knew you would tell me anyway. Yes! I'll say there will be a blow up soon, but not because they are so different. . . . "

"Oh?—Well, why?"

"Because they are so much alike."

"Alike! Why they are as different as they *can* be."

"No, Ellen," he remarked sadly, "you can't see any farther'n your nose. . . . "

"Don't be silly, Johnny. Lewis is awfully handsome, but Mr. Jensen . . . "

"Listen, Ellen. Haven't you ever heard your Uncle Alf tell of how handsome Mart was when he was a young fellow? He says Lewis is the very image of him. You wait until fifty summers have had a crack at your face. *It* won't look so peach blown, either."

Ellen turned up her nose at him.

"Aren't Lewis and his dad," contiued Johnny wisely, "both subject to fits of depression?"

"Humph! That's calling it by an awfully dignified name, if you ask me. I call it just common ordinary grouchiness." But she came close to the counter and leaned over to whisper to Johnny. "Mother says it is the Danish blood in them. The Danish are always that way. And Mother says that the Welsh that Lewis got from his mother didn't help him any."

Johnny scowled ludicrously. "Made him worse, I'd say. Both of 'em are so sensitive, they crawl right

back into themselves if you say scat. That young school teacher says they are both too blamed intelligent."

"Blamed?"

"Well—er—you know, he didn't actually say that, but that was the general impression."

Ellen May laughed lightly. "That's *your* impression, not the school teacher's. He'd never say that." She did a new dance step across the store and left Johnny to contemplate the evil of mixing Danish and Welsh blood.

IN the office, Lewis sat with one leg slung across the littered desk, and poked absently with one finger at the obsolete typewriter. His father, heavy and taciturn, stood at the dust-smeared window pretending to gaze out into the raw fall afternoon.

"Well, I just as well tell you what I think, Dad," the boy said. "Every time I try to talk to you about myself, you either walk out on me, or else accuse me of being ungrateful. I'm not ungrateful. But I do think that a person has a right to choose his own course in life."

His father scoffed. "Well, the very course you are choosing is proof enough that some responsible person should do your thinking for you."

"That's what you think."

"Yes, that's what I think. I've worked all my life long to provide you with something better than I had when I started out, and this is the thanks I get."

"See? There you go again. I'm the ungrateful one. I tell you that I don't like farming, and I don't like business. And I don't like being accused of ungratefulness because I can't like them. I've worked these last two years without saying a word hoping that I could make myself like them, but I can't. It just isn't in me."

"Well, I suppose it is my own fault," the father remarked bitterly. "I shouldn't have married into your mother's family."

The boy leaped to his feet. "You would insult my mother? You would insult the woman you married?" He almost choked.

But the father turned away in high derision. "I have been able to train most of it out of your mother, but only to see the weakness come out in her son. A musician!" His tone was thick with sarcasm. "Why your uncle David taught music all his life, and if he hadn't been in the army when he died, the county would probably have had to bury him. He used to teach music for fifty cents a lesson, and then didn't even collect that! I've given him many a pair of shoes just to keep him off the ground. Music!"

"Yes, music!" The boy's eyes were filled with rage—rage and frustration. "He did things for this town that you couldn't do!" With sullen tenacity the boy stood his ground. "Why did the people all love him so? What did the people need most when they first came into this sagebrush country?"

"Why, they needed food and clothing, and homes to live in. And if it hadn't been for good solid men, what would have become of people like him?"

Vainly the boy sought to find words with which to express the deep-seated feeling that was within him. What his father said was true, so true he couldn't deny a word of it.

"But—but—why live?" he spluttered at last. "Cows and pigs have food to eat, and comfort. I want something more than the animals. Every decent person does."

"Yes, I know what you are going to say. Every one wants something for nothing. There are some of us

who work and do things worth while, and naturally, we get paid for it. We supply people with the necessities of life. But there are parasites who come along and want to spend their lives like—like so many butterflies, flitting about and having some one else make their living for them."

"That isn't true," the young fellow cried hotly. "If you, or anyone else ever gave uncle David anything, he was worth it, ten times over. Why Mother has told me . . . "

"Yes, your mother has told you lots of things."

"Why almost every one of the older people in this town who play the piano was uncle David's student."

"Well, what of it?"

"And he used to put on entertainments where all the kids in school would be on the stage in a grand cantata. Why they used to *love* him. Mother used to call him the Pied Piper."

"Yes," the father agreed bitterly, "that was your uncle David, all right. He would play around with the women and children until all of the fall work was done, and then he would never have anything to live on during the winter."

"Dad, you are obsessed with the money-making fever. Isn't there anything in the world that is valuable besides making money?" The boy hung his head as if confessing a crime. "I—I love beautiful things, and I want to work with them; but you have forced me all my life to plug away with the ugliest things there are."

"Beautiful things!" His father glared at him in scorn. "Isn't that a fine way for a full grown man to be talking! "You say that I forced you into the kind of life you are living? Well, maybe that's true. I've done the best I could to save you from being a fool. Maybe it's all right to sing, but for a man to make it his life, then that life is worthless. My old dad was disappointed in me for marrying whom I did. He wanted me to take a good stout Danish girl." The agonized father drew his hand across his face as if to resolve some terrible mental conflict. "My boy," he concluded earnestly, "I've never seen a musician that wasn't a pauper, an artist that wasn't lacking in manhood, nor an actor that wasn't immoral. May my family be delivered from any of them."

THE distracted man took a turn or two the length of the office. After a time he continued, "When I sent you to school, I thought that I had trained you well enough that I could trust you, but you were deceitful. Instead of working hard at your business course that I picked out for you, you sneaked off here, there, and everywhere, playing in the band and the orchestra, and singing in the glee club, and spending my money. Can you expect me to keep on supplying you with money which you have neither earned if you spend it that way? Now, if you will do as I say, I will see to it that you are taken care of, but if you don't—well—"

The young man raised his head, and with some effort squared his shoulders. "Dad, up until now I've been just like so much mush with you. I've let you lick me every time. But now I'm certain that you are wrong and that I'm right. I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. I believe that I have a right to live the kind of life that will bring me happiness. I don't intend to bury myself in this little town and dig in the dirt all my life. That kind of life is all right for those who like it, and there are plenty of them. The more you poke fun at musi-

cians, the more I want to be one. You sneer at uncle David but I admire him more than anyone else. It is all right to make a living, but I can't see any use in it unless you get some happiness out of living it."

His father turned on him almost savagely. "A good man finds happiness in any useful work. It is only the parasite that wants to get out of work.

The boy's face flushed with anger. "A musician works as hard as you do. And anyway, you can't say that I've been lazy. You hire someone else to do the work that I've done for the last five years, and see if you can get as much from him for your money. Marjorie and I are moving out tomorrow. You can either sell our house or rent it; we won't need it again. You will be able to sell it for twice as much as it cost you. I'll donate my labor. Maybe that will satisfy your lust for money."

The boy swung out of the office, and stalked through the store with his head down to hide the mist in his eyes.

MRS. JENSEN hurried to the kitchen where she was preparing supper. Three large trout lay on the table all cleaned and ready to roll in the flour. Opening the oven door, she tested it with her hand, and finding it hot enough, she took a large pan of biscuits from the table and popped them into the oven. Then with a sigh, she glanced into the mirror. Quickly unfastening her hair, she fluffed the dark strands with the comb, and fashioned them about her careworn face. In the dark eyes there was an expression of deep mystery, and her face still showed a remnant of melancholy beauty which more than thirty years of male dominance had sadly marred. Although her mouth was now drawn in anguish, she held back the tears. She tidied herself quickly, and then went into the dining room to fix the fire. A knock at the door made her set the heavy scuttle down.

When she opened the door, there stood in the darkness, a tall, gaunt man wearing a large Stetson hat.

"Alf!" she murmured.

"Hello, Martha," the tall fellow greeted her cordially. "Is Mart home yet?"

"No, he hasn't come home yet," she answered, stepping aside and holding the door open in an invitation for him to enter. "He should be here any minute, though."

Entering the dining room and tossing his hat on the sewing machine, the old cowman seated himself in a comfortable rocker near the fire. Alf Tanner was an old rancher of the region, in reality an uncle to many of the people of the town, but the adopted uncle of all. His face was weatherbeaten, and his mouse-colored mustache drooped about his mouth, but his eyes made up in luster and brilliance for the dullness of his exterior appearance. It was the fountain of youth which bubbled forever within him that caused men and women to turn to him instinctively in their hours of trial.

"Well Martha," he remarked as the woman busied herself setting the table, "you look as pretty as you did thirty years ago when Mart ran away with you. Seems like some people never lose their good looks," he chuckled broadly. "Now me, I've never lost any good looks, have I?"

The woman, in spite of her heavy heart, was forced to laugh. "No, Alf, you can be thankful that you have never had any good looks to lose."

Leaning back, the lanky old cow puncher surveyed the comfort of the

dining room reminiscently. "Well, Martha, you have been mighty comfortable and happy in this old house, haven't you? Seems like only yesterday that you an' Mart bought it. Thought you was comin' right to the top, then, didn't you?"

The woman went on setting the table and said nothing, but the old cowman rambled on. "I wish everybody had as much to make them happy as you have. A good home, a lot of land, a good family, an' everything. It's been a happy life, hasn't it?"

He thumbed an old and much worn gold medal that hung from his watch chain as he waited a moment for her answer. When she was silent, he twisted about in his chair, and looking at her, asked pointedly, "Well, hasn't it?"

"Yes, there have been some times when we have been happy," she murmured, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Oh Alf, you can never know the agony that a woman feels when her whole life has been a futile mistake."

The man smiled easily. "Now, Martha. Don't get into one of your moods again. I thought that you had just about cured yourself of them. Welsh will be Welsh, though, in spite of you, eh?"

She turned quickly to him. "You heard that Lewis and Marjorie are leaving, didn't you?"

The old cowman nodded. "You want them to, don't you?"

The woman took in a breath for quick denial but she caught herself. For a moment she looked at the old cowman, surprised that he could read in her mind something that she had hardly suspected herself. When she spoke, her voice broke with emotion. "Oh Alf, I don't know what I want." She hurried out into the kitchen to get the fish into the frying pan.

IT was only a few minutes until Mr. Jensen came in through the front door. He stopped abruptly at the sight of his old friend comfortably ensconced in his own easy chair. With a silent nod, he went on through the dining room and into his bedroom where he left his hat and coat. Returning, he warmed his fingers over the heater. The gloom of his spirit dampened the room like a fog. The old cowman took up the evening paper, and turning to the financial page, studied it absently as he sniffed at the tantalizing aroma of frying fish from the kitchen.

"I see wheat's up," he remarked after a bit. "Sold yours yet?"

Mr. Jensen grunted a negation. There was silence between the two until Mrs. Jensen set the food on the table. But even the taste of golden brown trout could not dispel the gloom that enshrouded everything.

When Mrs. Jensen had finished placing the food on the table, she went into her own bedroom and remained there.

"Doesn't your wife feel well?" the old cowman inquired.

The store keeper glanced up from his plate. "She doesn't like fish," he said. "She can't eat when they are on the table."

After awhile the guest spoke again. "Heard some of the boys saying that Lewis is going to school again this year. That's mighty good of you to let him off right in the middle of harvesting."

The other man stopped with a forkful of fish half way to his mouth. "Did he say that I let him off?"

"Well, no. But if he is going, I just took it for granted that you had. . . . Didn't you?"

"He came into the store this afternoon and announced that he was going."

"Had quite a row, I guess?"

Mr. Jensen nodded as he stripped the backbone of a fish.

"You know," the old cowman philosophized, "my old dad used to say, 'Be careful who you hate, an' be careful who you fight with. You are probably just like them.' "

The other man paused. "You mean that . . . that Lewis and I are alike?"

"Remarkably, I'd say. Remarkably. But yourselves . . . to each other you probably don't notice it. But everyone remarks about it."

"That's nonsense."

"Maybe. Maybe not. You're both subject to them Danish fits of grouchiness, ain't you?"

Mr. Jensen scowled down into his plate.

"Well, maybe *his* fits are Welsh melancholy. I guess that'd make yours Danish stubbornness. Well, anyway you're both remarkably alike."

"Another of your silly notions."

"Don't be too sure. There are a hundred ways you are just alike. About the only difference is that you are light and he is dark. Of course you are different in the way you—a—react to yourselves. You see, your hair curls, and you plaster it down as if you were ashamed of it. His hair curls and he encourages it. You are both too thin skinned to live in a common world. You curl up like a yellow leaf when anybody criticizes you. About the biggest difference between you is that you have cultivated different sides of your nature. He has done his best to cultivate the artistic side, an' you can't forgive him for it. But I can remember when you were a young fellow, you liked to sing too. You remember the quartet that you an' David used to be in." He paused awhile to mull over the memory. But after a bit he continued, "David —he went on with music, but you and me got off on the money-making side of life. The only man that Lewis resembles as much as he does you is his uncle David."

The old store-keeper heaved himself to his feet. "That's a lie!"

"No it isn't. I don't see why you should feel insulted about it either. The time was when you thought David was the grandest fellow alive. Didn't you?"

The other man gripped the back of his chair until his knuckles were white.

"It is sometimes the little things which turn the whole order of our lives," the old cowman went on. "Has it ever occurred to you that the things which we are unconscious of sometimes determine what we make of ourselves? You remember how everyone loved David because he was happy and carefree, even though he didn't have a dime. He had something that satisfied the starved longing of their souls. How often have you sat and listened while he played the piano? You and I could fill peoples bellies with salt pork and beans, but he had something that filled their souls with beauty. He had a heavenly gift, a talent that was most remarkable. But somehow you could never forgive him for it; you were jealous because he could make friends, an' you couldn't. And in your Danish way, you have become sour clear through. An' more than that: since you couldn't take it out on him, you married the person closest to him, his own sister, an' you have been taking it out on her for thirty years."

Jensen flung aside the chair. "You can't say that to me." His sharp blue eyes flashed fire from their deep sockets.

The old cowman leaned on the back of his chair and quieted his friend with a depreciatory gesture. "Don't get riled, Mart," he begged.

"I'm just tryin' to help you do some thinkin' that you have put off for thirty years. Set down over here, an' let's get to the bottom of this."

WHEN Mr. Jensen was comfortably seated in his big chair the old cowman pulled up a chair from the table and continued, "Mart, you know that you aren't happy. Oh, you get some satisfaction out of the feeling that you are successful. But law! Success ain't worth the price you are payin' for it. You've been a good man, and have done a lot to make this country what it is. Without men like you this country would still be in sagebrush. But you have shut out half of life, an' the most beautiful half at that. It seems like you have done all your thinkin' inside a closed wall. You've never let yourself think anything except what was strictly orthodox in politics, or religion, or in life. Whenever you read you always pick out those things that agree with your way of thinkin', an' won't let yourself hear anything else. Now history shows . . . ."

But the old storekeeper stopped him with a gesture. "History shows this," he cried with some heat, "that the men and women who are worthwhile are the ones that have tended to business, and have left the frittering things of life alone. There's Hill, and Harriman, and Gould and Rockefeller, and Edison. Men of substantial worth. Show me anyone who has done more for this country than these men!"

"Oh, I agree with you. They have done their part. Yet—you know, I heard a fellow say once, that when we got ourselves completely supplied with the things of this world, we would wake up to the fact that we have a *mind,* and that the mind is capable of giving us the greatest satisfactions imaginable. It may be that some men, say David, an' your boy Lewis, have woke up to the fact already. You know, Mart, you an' me are just two old codgers, remnants of a frontier age that is passin' fast. We have our own ideas about how things should go, but we don't consult others on how they would like it to go. After all, we are only half alive. We can't enjoy those things which are life to some people. Now that boy of yours: I watched him the other night when that chap was in town givin' a piano recital Those lines about his mouth were all smoothed out, an' his scowl was all gone. His face just beamed he was so filled with joy at the sound of the music. Now me, I didn't like it much. I guess I don't know enough about it. I just went because I had to buy a couple of tickets, an' I didn't want to waste 'em."

The old cowman paused awhile and settled back in his chair. His eyes were alight with the thought of the joy he had seen in the boy's face. Presently he turned to the boy's father and went on. "My girl Emmy's like your boy, some, only her line's paintin'. She ain't one of those professional painters, you know. She just does it for fun. Well, I was out on the coast where she lives last summer, an' she drove me up the Columbia River Highway. I started cussin' because the road was so crooked. Well, she shut me up in a hurry. 'Every curve,' she says, 'takes one to a new vista of beauty.' She taught me more about the beauty of form, and rhythm and color on that trip than I had ever heard of before. She said that the artists of the country would mob any commission that ever tried to straighten out that road; an' dumned if I wouldn't help 'em, too, now that I see it the way she does."

The old cowman got up, and taking up his hat, rolled the brim in

his hands. "It might be a long time before you see it, Mart," he concluded. Maybe you won't ever see it. All I have to say is that this old world is dreary and bleak enough the way we find it. I don't resent anyone's ambition to make it a more pleasant place to live in. It may be that your wife's brother David was too much on the artistic side, but that wasn't his fault. He just came before his time. Now days, with the opportunities that people have in college, he would become a great musician. The love of beauty that David had lives on in your son. It's too bad that you can't see how valuable a thing it is. Well, good night." He turned abruptly and went out into the night. While the door was open the chill wind howled through the house; when it was closed again, the silence seemed insufferably intense.

MR. JENSEN sat slumped in his chair and stared at the carpet. His wife came from her room and cleared the table, but he seemed oblivious to everything. For an hour he remained thus, the storm within him drawing his brows tighter into a pathetic, resentful scowl.

Presently the door opened. Lewis and his wife entered, dressed for traveling. The boy looked at his father, but walked on through the dining room without speaking. Mrs. Jensen met them at the kitchen door, her hands still wet from washing dishes.

"You aren't going tonight!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," the boy comforted her. "We just as well go now as any time. We can get down there tomorrow and get us a place to stay. Then I can start Monday. I can't afford to lose much more if I intend to catch up before the end of the quarter." He went over to his father. "Here is the key to the house. You will find in it everything that you have given us."

The old man arose without taking the key. Glaring at the young woman, he growled, "Well, I suppose we have you to thank for all this. I was afraid when Lewis married you that you would undo all that I have tried to do. Well . . . "

The young man started, and would have answered his father angrily, but his wife placed a restraining hand on his sleeve. She smiled a little pathetically from behind her veil. "I knew you wouldn't understand," she said simply. "You have never understood anyone, not even yourself. I am sorry that this is happening, but it is the only way that I can see for any of us to get any happiness out of life."

"Happiness!"

"Yes, happiness. You won't believe it, of course, but the world is moving on, and it is leaving you behind. It is not satisfied to still have nothing but those barren simple pleasures of your generation. New intelligence demands new culture, and you are refusing to admit it."

The old man glared at her. "We picked you up with nothing and gave you a good home, and this is the thanks we get for it. You make our son dissatisfied with his life here, and take him off on some wild goose chase 'To find happiness'!" he finished scornfully.

"No," she answered quickly, "you are wrong twice. In the first place, you did not 'pick me up'. Before I came to you I had a good living of my own, and I can go back to it. I left it of my own choice, and you had nothing to do with it. In the second place, I have never influenced Lewis one way or the other. I am satisfied to be the wife of a farmer if I love him, and he loves

his work. I don't care what my husband does for a living if he gets joy out of it. But I do care very much if every day in the year is misery to him. It is hard enough to get any happiness out of this life when we love the things we do."

"Well, don't come crying to me for money when poverty catches up to you."

She laughed. "You have held that over Lewis for a long time now. I made a hundred a month before I married him. I can still do it."

"And he will let you do it!"

The blood leaped to the girl's face. "You are an old Puritan," she cried hotly. "You not only destroy the beauty in your own life, but you insist on destroying it in the lives of everyone else. Lewis is a gifted person, but you would smother his talent as if it were a sin. You don't deserve the kind of son you have."

The young woman walked over to where the mother sat crying. She stooped and kissed her and murmured some comforting words into her ear. Then, pulling on their gloves, the two prepared to leave.

Lewis took his mother in his arms and kissed her good-by. He looked over at his father who had turned to the window and stood glaring out into the darkness.

"I'll leave the car at Link Brother's garage, Dad. Johnny said that he would bring it out tomorrow."

The father half turned. "Aren't you taking the car?" he asked.

"No," the boy replied in a tone of relief. "We won't have enough money to run a car for a year or two. You'd better sell it."

The two walked to the door, and without looking back went out into the gusty night.

THE grey dawn came in through the window and awoke the old storekeeper where he sat in his chair. His wife came in with some kindling and coal, and in her usual way built a fire. In her eyes there was a deep hurt when she looked upon the suffering of the man with whom she had lived for thirty years. She was the only one who could know the depths of that silent agony which could not find expression. Now that Lewis had gone, there was nothing left for the father to live for. The business, the land, the ranch . . . all useless now without an heir. How bleak had been his life. Business and work. He could never play. Now he could enjoy nothing. He had never learned how. His success, the great passion of his existence, had fallen about him. The life that he had looked upon as being the road to happiness had suddenly turned out to be a cheat and a lie. In it there was no vibrant pulsing love; in it there was no warm glow of satisfaction. There was nothing but figures, figures, figures.

In the greatness of his agony, he arose and did the only thing that he could do. He chafed his benumbed fingers over the glowing fire until they were warm, then he reached for his checkbook. Filling in the blank for a hundred dollars, he handed it to his wife and gruffly demanded her to send it to Lewis when she got his address. Then, putting on his hat and coat, he went out into the raw wind.

Golden Anniversary of Manti Temple

By J. B. Jennings

IN May, fifty years ago, so the chronicler tells us, roads leading to Manti were crowded with the conveyances of those who were on their way to the dedication of the Manti Temple. They travelled in all sorts of outfits—in buckboards and buggies and prairie schooners—over roads that we would now hesitate to venture forth upon in our shiny six cylinder models. They were coming to celebrate the completion of a task ten years in the doing—a task which had required infinite care and countless small sacrifices and a general willingness to lend a hand—the building of a temple upon a temple hill.

On that spring morning fifty years ago the Temple must have stood forth, radiant, white and fair, in the bright sunlight, and the throng which crowded the grounds must have felt beauty and solemnity. Here was a shrine to their deepest conviction and a symbol of their innermost devotion, hewn out of the heart of a hill in a far-away land.

The hill upon which the Temple stands could have been meant for no other purpose, and Brigham Young must have realized this, for on his first visit to the little settlement of Manti in 1850 he had said that one day a temple would stand upon the hill. Heber C. Kimball, his companion on this trip, went even further and prophesied that the temple should be built of rock taken from the hill itself.

A quarter of a century passed, but men did not forget these words. On April 25, 1877, Brigham Young, his hair now white and his step slower, climbed the hill. He knelt upon the ground, and several hundred persons joined him at these services. His voice rose in prayer:

"Wilt thou, O Lord, bless each one now before thee, and bless the ground, this Temple site, this hill, and the hills and valleys round about, and the waters, and the atmosphere, and the elements pertaining to this valley, that the same may be blessed and sanctified before the Lord. . . . "

He continued on, his words poetic, yet strong, like the stone that was to become a temple. After the prayer he further addressed those assembled in words befitting the leader of a people who had conquered a desert: "Now Bishops," he said, "if any person should enquire what wages are to be paid for work done on this Temple, let the answer be, 'Not one dime.' And when the Temple is completed we will work in God's holy house without enquiring what we are going to get, or who is going to pay us, but we will trust in the Lord for our reward, and He will not forget us."

He also had a few words for the women. "We call upon the sisters also to render what assistance they can in this matter. They can do a great deal by way of encouraging their husbands and sons, and also by making clothing of various kinds for them, and in otherwise providing for them while they are working here."

FIVE days later the work began. In order to reach bedrock, on which the foundation would be laid, it was necessary to excavate to a depth of fifty feet or more at the east end of the building. Tunnels

were driven some twenty or thirty feet into the ground, and shorter tunnels were then made, forming a "T". In these tunnels were placed several hundred pounds of gunpowder. Before these charges were set off, notice was sent out to the surrounding towns and people came from far and near to witness the explosions.

Two years were required to complete the excavation. On May 14, 1879, the cornerstones were laid. William H. Folsom was the architect in charge of the construction. John Taylor, President of the Twelve, laid the southeast cornerstone and Elder Lorenzo Snow of the Council of the Twelve offered the dedicatory prayer. We may judge of the intense interest displayed in the Temple, even at this early stage in its construction, by the fact that approximately 4000 persons witnessed these services.

There now followed the actual building of the Temple. This was a colossal enterprise for the small communities comprising the Temple district to undertake, but they set about their task with great enthusiasm and determination. Constructed entirely through donation, it stands today an inspiring tribute to a faithful, thrifty, and self-sacrificing people.

The women, heeding President Young's admonition at the dedication of the site, did everything in their power to further the cause. The first carpets were woven on looms in Sanpete County. Women of the various wards collected, cut, and dyed the rags and wove the carpets. At one time the Relief Society and Mutuals each contributed one hundred yards of carpeting. The sisters made cheese, quilts, clothes, towels, and many other articles to be given to the men who worked on the Temple.

THE last stone was laid in the spring of 1888, and the completed Temple stood, a stately white symbol of Man's eternal quest for the Eternal, in quiet and solemn dignity above the shining valley.

The public dedication took place on May 21 and services continued for three days attended by approximately 1700 persons each day. Although the program was not to begin until 11 a. m., the Temple grounds were crowded at an early hour. Rain had threatened the night before, but the morning was clear and radiant.

The dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder Lorenzo Snow of the Council of the Twelve. The choir rendered the dedication hymn. There then followed addresses by several of the leading men of the Church and by brethren who had important parts in building the Temple. As its closing number the choir sang Mozart's beautiful "Hymn of Praise."

Glorious is Thy name, Almighty Lord,
All the angels stand round about thy throne;
Let all nations bow before Thee,
And declare Thy wondrous works.
We praise Thee, we give thanks to Thee,
We adore Thee, we glorify Thee.
Lord we adore Thee, we bless Thee.
Lord we thank Thee for Thy great glory.
Heaven is Thy throne and earth is Thy footstool,
Thou art King over all the world.
Glorious is Thy name, O Lord,
Blessing, and honor, be to God
Forever, and evermore.

Apostle John Henry Smith offered the benediction.

On May 28, 1888, the Manti Temple was opened for ordinance work. Four marriages for time and eternity were performed the first day.

During 1888, 55,838 ordinances were administered, and almost every year has seen a greater interest in the work of the Temple.

Daniel H. Wells was the first President of the Manti Temple. He was succeeded in 1891 by Anthon H. Lund. President Lund was appointed to preside over the European Mission in 1893 and John D. T. McAllister took his place. President McAllister was released in 1906 and Lewis C. Anderson was appointed to the position. Robert D. Young is now President of the Manti Temple, having been set apart to that office on December 30, 1933.

THE Golden Anniversary of the Manti Temple will be observed June 14 to 19. Elaborate preparations for a fitting commemoration of the occasion of the dedication of the Temple have been underway for some months under the general chairmanship of L. R. Anderson, former President of South Sanpete Stake. A feature of the commemorating exercises will be the daily presentation of the dramatic pageant, "The Hearts of the Children," under the direction of the author, Principal M. E. Smith of the South Sevier Stake Seminary.

THE SETTING SUN

To Professor Alfred Osmond

By Lorine Hutchinson Lee

The sun has set,
Reflecting its glory across the sky
In eloquent ecstacy,
Giving birth to a new day,
Beyond the horizon;
Another world of work and hope,
Where people strive with life to cope.

Life's sun has set,
Reflecting its glory across the mind
Of services well done,
Announcing a new day
Beyond the horizon;
Another sphere of faith and hope
Where spirits strive with truth to cope.

Hannah

By Elizabeth Worthington Shane

ON the southern slope of Mount Ephraim lived righteous Elkanah, the Ephrathite. Two dwellings opened onto his spacious court; one for his wife, Peninnah, with her brood of rosy-cheeked children, one for his beloved Hannah, the fairest matron of Mount Ephraim.

It was night, and Hannah walked alone across the silent court in anguish of spirit. She kept her eyes turned away from the lighted windows of Peninnah's quarters from which came the sound of laughter, the happy shouting of children's voices. Her throat ached and her heart was heavy as she looked out across the dark valley, then raised her eyes to the cloud-streaked sky.

"Oh, how long, how long can I bear it?" she asked herself; for only today Peninnah had taunted her again because she had no child. Trailing her noisy brood within easy hearing of Hannah's door, she shouted loudly:

"Keep away from there, children! Don't look in. She's an evil woman, cursed by the Lord." Then the curious-eyed children edged away as if in dread of some evil thing.

Among the women, too, Peninnah gossiped in her presence, invoking sharp and cruel glances that cut to the heart of her.

Elkanah, coming to her door and finding her not in, was troubled, but looking across the way, he saw a lone figure moving in the dark, and knew that it must be she. Alarmed, he hastened to overtake her.

"Hannah! Hannah, my own, why do you walk out here alone?" he asked.

"Because I cannot stand the silence of my house. I cannot stand it, Elkanah." She beat upon her breast in her anguish. Her husband tried to comfort her.

"You are wrought up again, darling. Come. Put away your grief. Is my love as nothing to you? You know that I love you more than anything in life."

"Your love is very dear to me, Elkanah, but it doesn't shield me against Peninnah's taunts."

Elkanah frowned darkly.

"Ah, so it's Peninnah again. Curse the fury of a jealous woman! Can't you see, Hannah, it's only her jealousy; for how can I hide my great love for you?"

"Ah, yes," she answered, "but all Israel knows that it's true that the Lord is displeased with me, His handmaiden."

"Not so, my loyal wife, but the Lord is withholding a blessing for you that will outshine them all! Mark me well. Now, come, my beautiful one, and no more of this morbid brooding."

IT was time for the yearly sacrifice in Shiloh, and Elkanah took his wives and children, together with the choicest fatlings of his herds, and went up to worship the Lord. There old Eli and his two sons ministered in the temple.

The time had come for Elkanah's offering. The long table was heavy with food, for the people made much of this feast-time. Elkanah served Peninnah and her

children their portions; then he went to the other side of the table and served Hannah a larger portion than any. Peninnah's sharp eyes were quick to notice, and jealousy rose up in her as a flame.

"So!" she thought, "He openly shows his preference!" Then a subtle thought stole into her mind. "She has his love, but I have my children to bespeak my righteousness before the people." Then turning to the women beside her, she said:

"See my fine boys and girls! Aren't they beautiful children? The eldest boy is so like his father, the dark eyes, the high, broad forehead!" Then directing their glances to Hannah, she said in a loud whisper:

"Cursed she is by the Lord. Cursed! Never a child!"

Bitter tears of humiliation and hurt trickled down Hannah's cheeks and fell on her hands that lay idle in her lap. Her throat felt as if it would burst, and food would have choked her. Elkanah tried vainly to comfort her.

"Hannah, my dear, why do you not eat and stop weeping? Why do you grieve so? Am I not better to you than ten sons?" Man that he was, he could not understand maternal hunger for offspring.

Hannah could endure it no longer. She rose from her place at the table and broke away from him in the crowd. Presently old Eli, the priest, sitting by a post of the temple, saw her kneeling, her lips forming words that were not audible.

"Oh, Lord of hosts," she prayed, "look upon the affliction of thine handmaid and remember me. . . . Give unto thine handmaid a man child, and I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life. I promise, Lord."

"Woman, how long wilt thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee. For shame!" It was the stern voice of old Eli, who misunderstood her manner.

"No, my lord," she answered, "I have not drunk wine; but out of the abundance of my grief have I called upon God."

The old priest's face softened.

"Then, go in peace," he said, "and the Lord grant thee thy petition."

ON the journey home Hannah's face was no longer sad. Her heart was singing a new song. She carried a secret in her breast that even Peninnah's taunts could not cut through.

The next year when Elkanah and his household went up to Shiloh to worship, Hannah stayed in Ramah on Mount Ephraim, and nurtured the baby, Samuel.

"Remember," said Elkanah, "you have promised him to the Lord."

"I know, I know," she answered, "I will wait till he is weaned, and then I will take him and give him —to—the Lord."

"Very well," said her husband, "only— the Lord establish His word."

The next year Elkanah went up while Hannah tarried at home, and again the next year. Little Samuel was a goodly child, a sturdy youngster, growing lovelier in the eyes of his fond mother every day.

The time had come when Hannah must bow to the unswerving decree. Well, God had been good. He had taken away her reproach from among women. He had lifted her to esteem in the eyes of her adversary. He had fed her hungry heart with the love of a hea-

ven-sent babe. She was ready to bequeath the most precious gift that womankind had ever offered.

"But I'll only lend him to the Lord," she said to herself. "He'll always be mine—always."

On the way to Shiloh Hannah dared not think on her future, but kept her mind fixed on the vision of her little son ministering efficiently in the temple.

Shiloh was already swarming with people when the caravan arrived bearing the young child, Samuel. Elkanah slew a bullock and offered, then he and Hannah took the child to the priest. Hannah did not hang back or hesitate, but spoke out bravely.

"Oh, my lord, I am the woman who prayed by you here in the temple. It was for this child that I prayed, and the Lord granted me my petition. Therefore I have come to lend him to the Lord as I promised. As long as he lives he shall serve the Lord."

Old Eli looked kindly upon the child, and knew that this was the Lord's hand-dealing. His two sons, Hophni and Phineas, the young priests, had sorely displeased the God of Israel with their revedry; therefore, the Lord had raised Him up a righteous servant.

VERY early in the morning the company of Elkanah rose and worshipped, then set out on the long journey homeward. Hannah rode silently most of the way, deep in thought. The day was hot and the journey tiresome. When they broke camp after the evening meal, dusk had already settled over the valley of Ephraim. The rest of the party was moving on, but Hannah clutched at her husband's arms, her face pale and worried.

"Elkanah, it's getting dark! Do —do you think he will be all right?" Elkanah pressed her dark head to his shoulder.

"Of course, my lovely one. Everything will be all right."

Hannah wept till her tears wet her husband's garment.

"But he's such a baby, Elkanah! Do you think that old Eli will know how to care for him?"

"I'm sure old Eli will be very tender with him, darling," he answered.

"But he may wake in the night and miss me. Oh, Elkanah, think of him crying his little heart out in the dark!"

Elkanah pressed a kiss to the troubled forehead.

"The Lord will take care of His own, my dear. You must be brave," he counseled.

Hannah raised her head and tilted her chin courageously.

"Of course—of course He will. He even heeded the cry of His handmaiden. I will be brave. I will."

They mounted their camels and rode on toward Mount Ephraim. To them the night was a hallowed one.

Back in Ramah, the house of Hannah was strangely empty and silent, yet to Hannah's heart it was so full of the echoes of childish laughter and prattle that it would never seem completely silent again. And the stern decree of Israel seemed to ring in her ears, a balancing couplet to the gay echoes: "The Lord establish His word."

"What can I do," she pondered, "to keep my baby from forgetting me? Ah, I have it!—I'll make him a beautiful coat. I'll embroider it in the colors that he likes best, and take it up to him at the feast-time in Shiloh. And—year after year —I'll make him—a little coat."

Our Father Knows

SOME MORE THOUGHTS ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHERS OF ISRAEL

By Leah D. Widtsoe

THE restored Gospel of Jesus Christ teaches definitely that the possession of a mortal body is essential for man's eternal progress. Therefore the proper care of the body becomes a sacred trust to each human being whose spirit is a literal descendant of our Father in Heaven. He designs that His earth children should be possessed of strong minds and clean healthy bodies as a basis for the growth of each individual soul. In the first chapter of the first book of the Bible He definitely instructs the first man, Adam, regarding his diet. During the intervening ages, periodically, necessary instructions regarding man's physical well-being have been given. The children of Israel were not only told how to guard their health but for a time the actual food was provided in the "manna from heaven."

It is but an added testimony to the truth of the restored Gospel that a new Law of Health should be given to guide men on their earth journey in these modern times. This came as a direct message from on High, to be accepted and obeyed literally, for man's good. And how we need that Guide today! In just one phase of the subject treated by the Word of Wisdom, that of drug addiction, let a few facts wake us up to the alarming conditions all about us. Every year in the United States, well over one billion dollars is spent on the so-called "dope racket" and by "dope" is meant the more harmful drugs, opium and derivatives which deaden the nerves and demoralize the soul. That sum does not include the many billions of dollars spent for alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee and other less harmful drugs in such general use today. These substances are all taken for their effect on the nerves and brain. In no sense may they be classed as foods for they actually tear down the body instead of building it, or renewing its powers.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams, an eminent scientist and M. D. has explained how these drugs enslave the victim. They are: "the nicotine of tobacco, the caffeine and theine of coffee and tea, the alcohol of beer, wine, and distilled liquors; cocaine, a product of the coca plant; opiates derived from the poppy; hashish, from 'Cannabis indica' and allied plants; and a group of hynotic and analgesic drugs either of natural origin, as the bromides and chloral hydrate, or of synthetic development, as aspirin, veronal, and a long list of somewhat less familiar products. Of the entire list of such drugs, it may be said that, in general terms, they fulfill a common function. They are props for the unstable nervous system. A healthy organism does not require any of them, under any circumstances."

All of these drugs are in common use today and all are harmful to the nerves and brain. One is peculiarly threatening because it is a hardy weed that can be grown in anyone's back yard in almost every state of our Union. This is the deadly

hashish or marijuana. The drug made from this plant is as old as history and the misery caused by its human use would fill with tragedy more books than have ever been written. The peculiar danger today is that unscrupulous dealers (fiends in men's clothing!) are selling it and thereby enslaving our youth of high school and college age who should be in the full flower of their mental and bodily vigor. It is estimated that there are over 300,000 addicts in our country today, mostly young people, and the number is increasing at an alarming rate. The fiends who sell it frequent high schools, mix it with tobacco in cigarettes, call it joy smoke, or love weed, and frequently give them away at first because it is known that almost the first smoke creates an immediate lust and then later the price may soar as high as 50c for each cigarette. The unsuspecting victim at first experiences a glorious sensation, but soon develops a delirious rage during which the most unspeakable crimes may be committed and of which the addict seems to be entirely unconscious. Prolonged use causes mental deterioration and eventual insanity.

Our young people should be made aware that there is one sure prevention of this hideous evil and others resulting from any kind of drug addiction: Never take your first drink and you will never want a second; never take your first smoke and you will never run the risk of getting one that may be doped with marijuana; never tamper with any of the foods or drinks known to contain drugs, even the supposed harmless ones (such as coco-cola or any caffein containing drink sold at soda fountains), for the use of the milder ones produces an appetite that calls for more and often stronger ones. This is the sequence of drug addiction as may be attested by all who are familiar with its bondage. Experts agree that never since history began has the consumption of drugs been so universal as it is today. Mothers, be on your guard!

OUR Heavenly Father understood these conditions with which we are surrounded today for we are told: "Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation. . . . "

There are those amongst us who would indulge their appetites and who contend that this Word was not given as a command but merely as a suggestion or counsel which we are at liberty to heed or disregard. Certainly, that is true, man's free agency must always be operative, but could any instruction from on High be given in a more scientific or pedagogical manner? Man is so constituted that to be forbidden to do a thing is often taken as an invitation to try that very thing. In this wise Law our Father tells us that it is given "not by commandment or constraint but by revelation" "for a principle with a promise," "Showing forth the order and will of God, in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days." This law is given *solely for our protection* that we may have joy and freedom from pain and suffering throughout our entire lives, not in any sense to satisfy the whim of a jealous God who gives unreasonable demands that must be obeyed. However, could any command be more truly binding on us than one which comes by revelation and the word of wisdom in which we are made to understand that it shows the order and will of

God? Indeed, this method is much more potent than any number of "Thou shalt nots"! In this regard a man of science, Dr. Williams, has said: "I must admit myself so much out of step with the times as still to be a believer in personal liberty of choice for every man, so long as his decision does not infringe the like liberty of his neighbor. My chief quarrel with the drugs that enslave is that they *do* enslave—that they take away freedom of choice—so that every man (or woman) who becomes an addict renounces, usually forever, the inestimable privilege of being master of himself. . . . The urge of the 'reformer' is not in my make-up. I belong to no societies; take part in no collective propaganda for any cause. But I have the compassion for human weakness and infirmity that is the natural endowment of one who has been more than fifty years a physician, and who comes of a long line of medical ancestry, coupled with the instinctive impulse, however fatuous, to pass on the lessons of experience to the younger generation. Not by way of dogmatic mandate, however; only by way of sympathetic admonition."

Thus a wise teacher on earth suggests the method of a wise Father in Heaven.

THE full possession of bodily health is promised all who obey this law: they "shall run and not be weary and shall walk and not faint." This is most desirable especially since physical well-being is often basic for mental, moral and spiritual health. These are indeed priceless treasures to be won and held by all who will obey God's law. The additional rewards promised for this obedience are precious beyond measure: they "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures!" It is great to have knowledge; it is a far greater thing to have wisdom. To possess the power to gain knowledge, increasingly, to seek out and use even hidden treasures of knowledge for one's own well-being as well as that of fellowman is truly a God-like gift! This great possession is the birthright of all who obey this temporal law, the Word of Wisdom.

The final blessing is equally desirable: "And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them." Herein lies "Church security" and only so may it be obtained—by full and cheerful obedience to all the laws of God. Here our Father gives us a definite promise. We are told in a former Section of the Doctrine and Covenants: "And again, I say unto you, I give unto you a new commandment, that you may understand my will concerning you; or, in other words, I give unto you directions how you may act before me, that it may turn to you for your salvation. I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." So we all may understand clearly, these priceless blessings are ours only when we live for them.

It is a great comfort to know that in our day the Lord has given us a direct message for individual health and happiness. Let the purpose of this message be well understood. In no sense can obedience thereto curtail our privileges or diminish our pleasures. In fact, the exact opposite is the case, for freedom from the bondage of drugs, and a strict adherence to the physiological truths contained therein, adds zest and joy to all the experiences of youth and age until life may become one long happy journey of self-realization and service to fellowman.

THE Mothers of Israel must open their ears and their hearts to receive this message and make it operative in their homes, that their children may rise up and call them blessed. Our Heavenly Father knows our needs and our problems. He has spoken to each and every one of us for our comfort and well-being. Shall we listen and progress, or sell our birthright for the empty baubles of fashion and momentary excitement? Well may the question be asked today:

"Who's On the Lord's Side, Who"?

What Think You?

By Glenn G. Smith

OUR Father in Heaven has given us the plan of salvation. In this plan are all the commandments He expects us to keep. However, we have our own free agency to do as we choose. We are not compelled to do anything contrary to our own desires. Neither are we compelled to be perfect in our lives, but through humble obedience to the laws of God we can make perfection of life our ultimate accomplishment.

It seems strange that we should ever consider the laws of God lightly, when we have such wonderful examples in the Bible and the Book of Mormon of how blessed and happy people were, who walked by faith and kept the commandments.

The best reasons for keeping the laws of God are that He has asked us to do so and because we want the joy that comes in well-doing. He has said that one-tenth of all we earn belongs to Him, and that we should pay it to the Church, that there might be meat in His house. By paying our tithing and by keeping all the commandments of God, we are overcoming our selfish desires and are making our lives more serviceable to those around us.

When we pay our tithes and offerings honestly and sincerely, we are less inclined to find fault with our Bishop, the President of our Stake or the General Authorities of the Church. An honest tithepayer sees in his bishop and all those called to preside over him, men of God whom he can love, honor and trust. While he knows that they are subject to human mistakes, he also knows the mistakes they make are of the head and not of the heart. He has confidence in their integrity, in their devotion to duty and their willingness to serve, that they may help God bestow blessings upon the people.

An honest tithepayer does not avoid meeting his leaders; he does not make excuses to them for not being a better man; he does not complain how they do their duty nor how they live. He sees in their lives the things that are worth while, and the urge swells within his own breast to be as fine as they are.

So while the best reason for paying tithing is that God has commanded us to do so, the next best reason is that those who pay one-tenth of their income to the Lord have a conscience free of offense toward God and those God has called to preside over them. With a clear conscience one can enjoy friendship with fellowmen, and be of real service to them.

Conference Address

April 4, 1938

By Henry D. Moyle

THE experiences of the Church in the past two years illustrate anew the necessity for cooperation, loyalty and unity in our ranks in waging war against our common enemies, unemployment, want, and despair. We must all follow our great leader's command.

Social Security for all is the common problem of the members of our Church. The Priesthood quorums and the Relief Society each share the responsibility of giving to the individual the group assistance necessary. The Relief Society, true to its traditions, must do its full share in accomplishing this great purpose.

The active participation in this program by every Relief Society officer and member is essential to the establishment of social and economic security in the Church. The Relief Society is the auxiliary organization to which the Priesthood must look for continued assistance in the performance of its full social duty toward its people.

The work of the Relief Society results in a two-fold service: first, a service to the people developed by the initiative, long experience, and foresight of the Relief Society itself, and now constituting the Society's regular program; and second, special services rendered from time to time at the special request of the Priesthood. For both, we must rely upon the individual members of the Relief Society, the mothers in the home. Certainly, the mothers must instill the spirit of independence in their children, and in this way alone can do much toward making the family a self-sustaining unit. The mothers collectively constitute the ward Relief Society.

This ward organization, in turn, renders a service which is threefold in its nature: first, a service which is purely local, adapted by the ward group to the immediate needs of its own community; second, special assistance rendered the bishop of the ward, at his request; third, stake and general church service, as required. The first two classes of service are confined to the ward itself in which the organization exists. The latter service is rendered in cooperation with other wards under the supervision of the stake and the general Church Relief Society boards.

This very general classification of the services rendered is important in outlining the appropriate place of the Relief Society in our present Church Security work. Our plan calls for the greatest possible amount and variety of service to be initiated and executed by the Relief Society member individually and the ward organization collectively. The entire resources of the stake and general Relief Society officers and boards should be utilized in stimulating this individual initiative, and in conserving and developing all our resources. This includes the proper distribution and use of our surpluses—our time as well as our commodities.

FROM its inception the regular work of the Relief Society has been performed under a general commission from the Priesthood. The present work, in relationship to the Church Security program, is performed under a special commission from the Priesthood. These two commissions in no wise conflict. This special commission to assist in the work of the security committees does not detract from, but rather adds to the authority the Relief Society has had heretofore. In short, it can be said that in order to carry out its present special commission, no past or present activity of the Relief Society in any wise need be stifled. On the contrary, the Relief Society, under the supervision of the ward bishop, the stake president, and the general authorities, should continue to take care of both regular and special assignments. With the bishop of the ward directing both the regular programs, on the one hand, and the special Church Security assignments, on the other, there can be no conflict.

It should be very gratifying to the Relief Society to reflect upon the important place given it in the organization of our ward and stake security committees. After all, upon these local committees rests the responsibility for the final success of our program. The ward committee consists of the bishop or one of his counselors, designated to act for him, as its chairman, the president of the ward Relief Society, a representative of each of the Melchizedek quorums and of the adult Aaronic Priesthood group, and two ward work directors, as its members. The stake president or his counselor presides over the stake committee, with the stake president of Relief Society, the president of the High Priests' quorum, the chairman of the bishop's executive committee, and two stake work directors as members. One ward and one stake work director are selected each from the Priesthood and the Relief Society. These committees determine the security policy of the ward and stake, and actually direct the work in executing these policies. Here Relief Society presidents and work directors appointed from the Relief Society are given a real opportunity for constructive planning, as well as actual execution of such plans as are agreed upon. It is not a case of taxation without representation. Duplications and conflicts are eliminated here. This committee work adds, of course, to the regularly established work of the Relief Society, but is of inestimable value to the Church Security program in carrying out its purposes.

In the final analysis, these ward social security committees act upon the advice and counsel of the bishop and stake president. It is readily seen, therefore, that the regular order of the Church is followed in all that these committees undertake, and particularly in relation to the activities of the Relief Society in formulating and executing the plans for Church social security. The ward security committee, acting as a whole, determines its policy and decides to pursue a certain project. The bishop then assigns to the Relief Society the scope of its activity therein.

Stake presidents of Relief Societies bear the same relationship to the stake security committee as do ward presidents to the ward committee. We emphasize the work of the ward committee for

the benefit of stake presidents in supervising ward work, as well as for the benefit of all ward workers.

Let us take, for example, a Relief Society ward or stake organization which is sponsoring sewing in the home as a Relief Society activity. The Relief Society finances this project with its own funds and conducts it with its own officers and teachers. The General Church Security Committee, on the other hand, has established sewing centers at advantageous places in the various wards and stakes, where sisters learn the art of sewing and other handicrafts, where unemployed sisters find remunerative group employment. Sisters who are already sewing in their own homes under the supervision and direction of the Relief Society, or who contemplate doing so, or who can appropriately do so, should be left to that work. It is the aim of all to utilize the ability and resources of our people to gain maximum results. The sewing centers established and financed by the General Committee, with the approval and consent of the Relief Society, furnish employment for sisters who are capable of instructing and educating others, and afford opportunity for those who need education and training or remunerative employment outside of the home. Thus, we see how the activities of the Relief Society, and the Church Security Committee, do not conflict, but in fact compliment each other. Both are essential. The same is true of canning and other similar projects. Each individual should be encouraged to adapt herself to the work for which she is best fitted.

FOR the past year, special meetings of stake and ward social security workers have been appointed at all Priesthood quarterly conferences. To these meetings, the stake and ward Relief Society officers are always invited. Their attendance is essential to the success of our program. A member of the General Church Security Committee is present, primarily for the purpose of correlating the work of the ward and the stake with that of the Church generally, of suggesting new activities, answering such questions as may exist in the minds of ward and stake workers, and reporting to the general authorities on the work of the particular wards and stakes. Bishops of wards, presidents of stakes, and all other members of the Church Security committees are invited to be present at these meetings. It is interesting to note that one of the principle topics discussed at most of these meetings has been the participation of the Relief Society in our program, and for that reason it is not only desirable, but essential that Relief Society officers be present at these meetings.

OUR work divides itself into two major sub-divisions: first, the giving of temporary relief; second, the creation of permanent employment for our people. This temporary relief is ordinarily given to the family as a unit. To do so intelligently, we are dependent upon the Relief Society to survey, estimate, and budget the needs of the family. We believe that, generally speaking, Priesthood quorums, bishops or stake presidents cannot afford to act in matters of temporary relief, without first obtaining the assistance and advice of the Relief Society. By so doing, we shall practice economy and, at the same time, secure adequate and sympathetic assistance for the family.

The Relief Society is also given an opportunity, through its participation in the work of these security committees, to correlate the work of all relief agencies, both in and out of the Church, and to avoid duplications, serious in their consequences. The ward committee furnishes a most excellent opportunity to accomplish all of these purposes. The bishop calls the ward committee together once a week; the stake president, the stake committee. Take an example of a problem coming before a ward committee: The High Priests' quorum has investigated and found a family of one of its members in need. This is reported at this weekly committee meeting. Through its regular calls upon the families in its community, the Relief Society generally knows something of the condition of this family already. Indeed, if the Relief Society is the first to become aware of such a situation, it should make such a report at this meeting. The proper solution of the family's difficulty is here fully discussed. Finally, the High Priests' supervisor assumes the responsibility, on behalf of the quorum, with the approval of the quorum presidency, of providing for the temporary needs of this family, as well as to seek and furnish permanent remunerative employment for the father. The Relief Society is requested by the bishop, at the instance of the High Priests' quorum, to determine the needs of the family and to render such other assistance as may be appropriate. There may be an unemployed son in the family, who is an Elder. The president of the Elders' quorum is present at this meeting of the ward security committee, and he pledges the efforts of the Elders' quorum to find employment for the son, and to assist the High Priests and the Relief Society in stabilizing and securing the independence of this family as a group. At the next meeting of the committee, a report of the past week's accomplishments is made, and the work for the next week outlined, assignments being given to avoid unnecessary duplication or waste. It is at this weekly meeting the Relief Society receives its special assignments for the week.

Projects to accomplish either of the major purposes of our relief program must be discussed and approved by this committee before actually undertaken. When this is done, the group desiring to undertake the approved project, furnishes the funds therefor, so far as possible, from its own organization. Proper financing forms a part of every project initiated. Where it is absolutely necessary to have partial financial assistance in the accomplishment of any project, appropriate application can be made therefor by this ward security committee, through the bishop, to the stake president, and in due course to the General Committee for its investigation, suggestion and assistance. The Relief Society, along with other auxiliaries, is called upon to exercise its initiative, to suggest projects, and, upon their approval, to execute them by the use of its own funds. Where necessary, a Relief Society may be assisted financially. This financial assistance to groups carrying on projects is in the nature of a loan. These loans are to aid self-liquidating projects, or to assist in establishing families upon an independent and secure basis.

It is from the successful conduct of these various projects, however financed, that we acquire the commodities with which to furnish the temporary relief necessary.

ALREADY an assignment has been made by the General Committee in each stake which, if carried out as assigned, will meet the estimated food and clothing requirements of our people for the winter of 1938-39. The Relief Society not only assists in fulfilling these budget requirements: that is, accumulating commodities, but cooperates with the Church Security Committee in their distribution. Here, again, the ward committee is all-important. From these accumulations, it sets apart in the storehouse designated for that purpose by the stake or region, sufficient thereof to meet its own needs, and in turn requisitions from other similar storehouses the things it has not accumulated or cannot accumulate. In determining what its own needs are, the Relief Society president and the Relief Society ward work director counsel with the bishop and with the other members of the ward committee in its weekly committee meeting. The decision of this committee controls. Nothing should be set aside or requisitioned for ward use until the ward committee as a unit has passed upon the necessity therefor. This involves unanimity of opinion and action on the part of the bishop, the Relief Society, the Priesthood quorums and the ward work directors. Likewise, similar unity must exist in the stake committee.

Where the accumulations of the ward exceed its demands or estimated requirements, the surplus is contributed to the stake for distribution among the wards less fortunate, and when not required by the stake committee for that purpose, is passed on to the region and in turn to the General Committee. In determining what is required in a stake, the stake Relief Society president sits in council with the stake president and with the other members of the Stake Security committee, including the stake work director selected from the Relief Society.

These same ward and stake committees are responsible for the proper and economical distribution of all contributions to the Church Security Program. They call to their assistance and utilize to the fullest extent every Church agency. In so doing, these security committees define for each agency the particular part to be performed by it. This applies in full measure to the Relief Society. In other words, it should be determined in this weekly ward or stake security committee meeting, presided over by the bishop or stake president, just what part the ward or stake Relief Society shall perform in connection with the distribution of commodities.

A WORD might profitably be said concerning the credit to be given the Relief Society for its participation in the Church Security Program. Like other individuals or organizations in the Church, credit should be properly given for all that is done. The Relief Society, through its own officers, accurately records its own activities. The Church Security committees have been urged to keep accurate records of all their work, and to issue appropriate receipts for all work accomplished and all contributions given. The Relief Society should receive appropriate receipts for all that it does and all that it contributes, whether it be an hour's work, a bushel of wheat, a bottle of fruit, a quilt, or the furnishing or finding of remunerative employment for any woman. A Relief Society can carry on a project and contribute the results of the pro-

ject to the Church Security program through the ward bishop, just as the individual can make a voluntary contribution. Appropriate credit should be given in each case. It is suggested that if the stake or regional security committee calls for sisters to assist in canning, and these sisters are furnished by the Relief Society through the ward or stake work director, it is not necessary to apportion the number of cans filled with food to each Relief Society participating, but rather to give such organization credit for the number of sisters furnished and the number of day's work performed. To do otherwise would require, in many instances, complicated and unnecessary calculations and bookkeeping.

AS WAS stated in the beginning, it is never to be lost sight of that whatever the Relief Society does in carrying out the assignments of the ward security committee, it still has the responsibility of continuing with its normal activities and fulfilling the full object and purpose of its creation. It is not the purpose of the Church Security plan to interfere with any Relief Society in the administration of its own funds, or in carrying out its own purposes. It can just as readily today, as it has in the past, minister to the sick, advance child and maternal welfare, continue to carry on its Mormon handicraft, and, in short, all other activities for which it has become favorably known not only throughout the Church but throughout the world.

No organization in the Church is to be commended more highly than the Relief Society, under the able direction of its leaders, for the good accomplished and for its advancement in each of the fields of its activities for which it is responsible. May we not request its helpfulness in aid of the projects the general authorities expect us to carry out?

SONG OF SERVICE

By Zelda Davis Howard

So long as there are lonely ones,
And little children sad,
And sick and crippled shut-in folk,
And old to be made glad,
So long as some are out of work,
And there are souls who stray,
The great Relief Society
Has much to do each day.

So long as there is suffering,
And hungry to be fed,
And homes that are not light and warm,
Homes where no prayers are said;
So long as there is one of His
Needs to be helped to live,
For the Relief Society
There's service yet to give.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER THREE

THE telephone jangled impatiently. With a sigh of dismay I wiped my hands and went to answer it.

"It will be Nedra again—or Mrs. Richards," I thought. Less than an hour ago both of them had called. Nedra had been emphatic. "Salle Richards and Don Grow have gone away together and they are up to something. When I asked to go along they put me off. Probably they have gone to get married. If you ask me there is something fishy about that Grow place lately. Salle is the only person they will let in beside your husband. I'd keep my wits about me if I were you."

"What has all this to do with me?" I had asked her, hoping I sounded impersonal. It did dampen her ardour.

"Well," she finished lamely, "since you are the Relief Society president and a good friend of hers I thought you would be interested."

Mrs. Richards had wept. "Someone must stop her. I can't have her going away with the boy. She likes you and would listen to you."

Perhaps. I had my doubts that she would listen to anyone. And she was already gone no one knew where. I told her if she found out anything to call me back. But this call was neither of them.

The bell pealed again as I lifted the receiver to my ear. To my "yes?" a small voice came over the wire.

"Hello? Are you the woman that gives food to the poor people?"

"Yes, I am the Relief Society president."

"Well, Papa says to tell you the little kids are yelling their heads off for their supper and Papa says to come right away."

"But it isn't supper time yet."

"I know it but Papa says to call you early 'cause it takes these women so long."

"Who are you and where do you live?"

"I'm Albert."

"Albert who? What is your last name and where do you live?"

"We don't live no place. We keep on the move 'cause it's easier. We're at the White Daisy now—second cabin from the end. Be sure and hurry. Goodbye."

HE hung the receiver with such emphasis I shuddered as the sound of it struck my ear. I turned slowly back to my work. In the kitchen my prune conserve stared accusingly at me. It had been in the process of making for two days. Then there were two music lessons at four. I just couldn't leave now.

Transients. Already in my brief term of office, such requests had grown familiar. Probably traveling from town to town on the bounty of organizations. They always made the immediate acquisition of food a life and death matter. I couldn't go! My car was in the garage for repairs.

I attacked the conserve determinedly. Albert and his papa would have to wait. By morning the conserve would be finished and in the basement.

But in spite of my resolve my hands were soon lagging. Suppose they really were hungry? Suppose

there were little children actually crying for something to eat? The words of King Benjamin came to me, "—are ye not all beggars?"

I went to the telephone and tried to get one of my counselors. Mary was not at home and Mrs. Blomquist could not leave. Now what could I do? I sat down wearily. Every hour today there had been something rear its head. I could call a garage and grocery store. With their tank and stomachs full these transients would glady roll along and leave me in peace.

Hesitantly I picked up the receiver again but instead of calling a garage I called Mrs. Jenkins. Might as well have it over, I'd get no peace until I did. But Mrs. Jenkins was not available, nor could I get Mrs. Richards. Probably she was doing something about Salle. It began to look as if Albert and his papa would not get their supper after all, but in the end I gave in.

"Denise," I called my six-year-old to me. "Robbie is asleep in the basement. You and Timmie go down there and play quietly until he wakes, will you?"

"Let's play Pioneer Girl."

"Very well. Mother has to go a long way to town for supplies."

"—and pioneer children are not afraid to stay 'lone. They stay right in the basement and guard their baby brother."

"And if anything should happen?"

"We send word to the fort for our father to come dashing home."

"Do you know the number?"

She repeated it. With many admonitions and instructions I left. At the store I told Tim I was called out on a case and collected a few groceries to take. I put them on a slip. "I'll have the secretary come and pay for them," I told him.

"Where are you going?" Tim wanted to know.

"Out to the west end."

"Then wait until the delivery truck gets back. It will be here in an hour."

"That is too long. I want to get back before Rob wakes if I can."

"You shouldn't leave them alone. It isn't safe."

His tone hurt. I felt hot tears sting my eyes. To hide my feelings I asked sharply, "Why not? They often play in the basement."

"But they are alone."

Acutely aware of his disapproval, made worse by my own conscience, I started down the street with my bag of groceries under my arm. It had been a real sacrifice to leave home this afternoon and Tim might have understood. I wanted to sit down on the sidewalk and cry as Denise had done when she'd dropped a little doll and broken it.

THE brisk walk combined with the memory of problems succeeded in crowding my self-pity into the background of my thoughts. Gloria Holsinger had refused to be chorister. So I had to be content with a much less capable leader. Rhoda Blomquist was pleased over the refusal for she had not wanted Gloria.

"I see no reason," she had declared, "for going outside the organization for help. She hasn't interest enough to belong."

"That is a good way to get her interested and think what she could do for the organization."

"Nothing that a number of others couldn't do. We have a dozen women who can lead the singing. I think you are trying to make Relief Society take on more responsibility than there is any reason for. We have never expected such a standard before and we got along very well."

"But you will have to admit she is making the work mighty inter-

esting," my secretary defended. Bless her heart.

Anyway our second choice was leading the singing without vision, without purpose, beyond the song of the moment. Practising to her meant repetition, right or wrong.

Then there were the visiting teachers. We still lacked enough to cover the ward. Some women objected to being *just* a visiting teacher. When a woman couldn't do anything else she could do the visiting teaching, had been the accepted idea.

"What is wrong with that idea?" Rhoda had demanded. Any departure from the traditional was upsetting to Rhoda but in the end she agreed with us.

"Perhaps that is the reason visiting teaching is not more popular in so many places. Teachers are our contact with the ward and the world. We must have the finest we can get."

Gradually we were getting them, women of unquestioned spirit who could enter a home with poise and grace and leave it with peace and good will; women who could spread the vision and magnitude of the work. For Teacher Topic leader we had the most capable the ward afforded. She was teaching them ways of entering homes and concrete methods of putting over their objective.

From there my thought skipped to Salle. She had been in the background of my thoughts all day. There was no reason why I should consider her my problem but the mere thought of her brought black despair. I tried to walk fast enough to forget her.

AT the tourist park I easily located the family. The White Daisy was a shabby unkempt place frequented by people such as I was hunting. Undoubtedly the telephone numbers of charitable organizations were furnished by the proprietor.

It was, as I had expected, a typical case. The father was sitting on the ground with his back to a small bare tree that grew in the center of the scant parking. Five children sprawled or gamboled about near him. They all stopped their play and turned their attention to me. Contrary to the average case they were clean and patched and, I had to admit, looking not too well fed.

As I approached, the man shambled awkwardly to his feet. He was large, at one time he had been powerful and, I guessed, a farmer. There was a hang-dog expression mixed with defiance about him that gave me hope. He had not reached the point of callousness yet.

"You sent for me?"

"Yes'm," he admitted reluctantly, then added hastily, "do you want to see the wife?"

"I'll talk with you first."

He squirmed uneasily but I was adamant. He was the head of the family and as such, responsible. Before I had asked him half a dozen questions I began to doubt if he were a Latter-day Saint.

"Do you hold the Priesthood?" I asked.

Again the man squirmed. "No," then he brightened with a happy thought. "My wife does."

I turned to go and speak to the wife and make short shift of my business since they so obviously were not my responsibility.

"She's in here," the children, with Albert in the lead, marshalled me into a small, close cabin. The husband sank back to the parking with a sigh of relief. In the room the mother lay on the bed with her face to the wall. As we entered she turned and I thought I had never seen such abject hopelessness before. A flush swept her face then receded

leaving it white and drawn. I began to doubt my decision.

"I am the Relief Society president."

The woman on the bed bit her lip but remained silent. Her hurt was too deep for tears. That was apparent.

"Have you some meat in that sack?" one of the boys demanded suddenly. "Papa has to have meat and we won't eat brown bread."

That brought me quickly to the business at hand. "Go outside, every one of you. I want to talk to Mother."

"We want to listen."

"Run along." As the woman on the bed said nothing I literally brushed them from the room. Then I fastened the decrepit screen. "Now you may tell me all about it." I went back to the bed.

The story like the demand had a familiar ring. They had been farmers. Hard times had brought discouragement. Town had beckoned, but once there work had been scarce and the husband rapidly succumbed to the cancer of an unearned living.

"But, Oh, Sister Maylord," now that the woman's reserve was broken she could not tell me enough, "I don't want to live like this, and I must not bring up my children in idleness. Mr. Peters doesn't belong to the Church, so rightly we are not your responsibility, but can't you help us to get ourselves out of this rut?"

I had been thinking rapidly. The easy thing would be to send them on but here was a chance to make concrete my vision of Relief Society. Already a plan was forming in my mind but I must have time to consult the bishop.

"I'll leave these groceries," I said at length. "There is enough to last you until morning. I will come again then. Keep cheerful and go outside if you can. It is close in here."

Her eyes begged for hope but training told me to perfect my plan first and tell it afterward.

I was hurrying quickly down the street when I heard a car honk beside me. Startled I whirled about. It was Dave Holsinger, husband of Gloria.

"May I?" he asked, opening the car door.

"You certainly may." I stepped in and sank into the cushion with a sigh of relief. I hadn't realized how tired I was.

"What are you doing in this part of town? Don't you know ladies do not rush about until their faces are red?"

"In that case I am not a lady, only a Relief Society worker."

He laughed, a merry contagious laugh that scattered my load of responsibility. "That means you have been helping someone. Why confine your efforts to the poor? I need help two ways."

Sincerity lifted its voice above the banter. I thought, "he is worrying about Gloria." Aloud I asked, "What may I do for you today? How could I help a self-sufficient business man?"

"I have an office girl that is ruining my disposition."

"My advice is—get rid of her."

"Good advice, but she is the niece of a director. Then who wants to break in a new girl?"

All this was just to pass time. He was quite capable of handling his help.

"What about the other problem?"

"I am afraid even a Relief Society president couldn't help with that."

"Then you help me."

"How?"

"Persuade Gloria to be our chorister."

"She's much too busy," he answered too promptly. "Her clubs and her Pekingese are just too, too demanding."

I had felt it all along. Conditions were fast approaching a crisis with these two. Did I have any right to help them make an adjustment? Would I know how to help such people?

AT HOME I found Tim on the basement floor playing with the children.

"Tim! On a busy afternoon!"

"Some one had to be here," he answered shortly as he rose and brushed his clothes.

Later as I guided little minds and fingers through the intricacies of a music lesson Tim's disapproval and the condition of the Peter's family struggled for dominance of my subconscious. Did Timothy think I was neglecting my family? Surely not, and he wanted me to do my relief work well. There was something about the Peters family that stayed with me. How wonderful it would be if I could plan a future for them.

"Do you know where there is a small house for rent?" I asked Jeanie Holman, who was the last of my pupils. Jean was such a joy. Already she was showing unusual promise.

"There is an old one near us," she answered, "but it is a shackly old trap."

(To be continued)

AN OLD LADY PRAYS

By Thyrza R. Berrett

I always used to pray
Let me go first,
Nor leave me lonely
Mourning loved ones gone.
I am no longer selfish, Lord,
Take first, please, John.

He never seems to know
Where things are kept;
He can't find socks,
Nor handkerchiefs nor ties.
I read his paper to him nights
To save his eyes.

I always hurry home
From town or club;
John wants me there when he
Comes in at close of day.
He'd be so lost and lonely, Lord,
With me away.

No one else can make
The pies he likes.
I spoil him, sure,
It's been so very long
Since there was any one to please
But me and John.

So let me stay till he
Has gone before,
Lest lonely waiting
Be too hard for him to bear.
Then please to call me quickly, Lord.
He'll need me there.

When the Desert Blooms

By Dorothy Nell Mair

RAMBLING miles of arid desolation become America's greatest flower garden in May. A short time later, the fruit appears which means food to the desert Indians.

To the Papago Indian woman, making her home upon the great desert of the Southwest, the season of the fruit harvest is the most important one of the year. Her orchard covers the whole of the Southwestern desert, arid, parched, monotonous, usurping the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and on into Old Mexico. Her fruit trees are the formidable cactus giants with sharp spines to painfully prick the fingers of those intruding upon their dignified privacy.

The harvesting of the fruit from the cactus plants about the middle of June is the beginning of the Papago Indian new year, and a bountiful harvest is reason enough for rejoicing. The fruit from the cacti provide the sweets, the jams, and even the delectable fruit drink to aid the celebration along.

Growing in colonies, each type of cactus presents a community covering many miles. Driving through these patches on smooth highways, one is impressed with the idea of going through one town after another. To make the most of the fruit harvest season, the Indians take up temporary abode in these colonies, or near them. Each day the fruit is gathered, and preserved either by drying in the desert sun, or by being made into jams and jellies. A good share of the fruit juice is made into the tribal drink for festive use. Every Indian woman is kept busy during the fruit harvest preserving the family's supply as quickly as it is gathered in.

But these formidable-looking desert giants are more than an orchard. When the fruit preservation season is over, and the festivities have ushered in another new year, the time has come to gather building material to repair the home, or with which to build a new one. The dead cacti provide this, and the hollowed-out trunks provide cooking pots. The cactus wood is very durable, and by dropping hot stones into the bottom of the hollowed-out trunk, it can be converted into an oven.

WHILE there are several hundreds of different cacti growing in profusion on the Southwestern desert, there are three types that one is inclined to notice first: the Sahuaro, the Organ Pipe, and the Barrel Cactus. Perhaps it is the giant size of the Sahuaro and the Organ Pipe, and the individuality of the Barrel Cactus which keeps them vividly in mind.

The Sahuaro Cactus pronounced sa-wah-ro) is the giant of the desert, and the sage of them all. It is not full grown until it attains an age of one hundred years, and lives as long as two hundred and fifty years. It often weighs six tons or more—truly a giant. Being especially adapted to its arid environment, it can live for three years without water. During periods of drought, Indians tap the cactus to obtain the stored water within. The flowers appear in May and June and the fruit which follows is pear-shaped and delicious. There are from one to twelve lateral branches, exhibiting fantastic shapes, on each plant.

One plant has been known to bear from three hundred to three hundred and fifty berries during the season. This fruit is preserved into jam and jelly.

This desert sage is a challenge to the elements. Wind cannot uproot it; birds cannot permanently injure it. Woodpeckers drill holes in its trunk and use them for nests. Hawks, too, nest in its branches. But the injuries made by the birds are healed and sealed over with a tissue coating, preventing the precious liquid stored within from seeping out. The cactus is entirely covered with long, sharp spines which prick the fingers painfully, and thus protect it from the ravages of beasts. The dry, dead cacti provide the material with which the Indian builds his home. The long dry ribs he uses for roofing his house, and the trunks furnish him with fence posts. These posts will not rot as ordinary wooden fence posts do. The wood is light and soft enough to take a beautiful polish. Of late years, it has been extensively used for souvenirs.

Related to the giant cactus (the Sahauro) is the Organ Pipe Cactus. It branches out from the root, rather than from the main trunk, and at night looks like a set of organ pipes in silhouette. Some have claimed to hear a peculiar humming tune as the wind swept through the colony on a summer evening. It grows to a height of ten to fifteen feet, and the flowers bloom at night. They, too, are white, and the fruit is edible, being preserved into jams and jellies by the Indians and Mexicans. Like its giant relative, it is covered with the sharp spines, and very often mistaken for the Sahauro.

Perhaps the most interesting one of all is the Barrel Cactus. This one has long been known as man's best desert friend, and as such, has earned for itself a variety of names. Some call it the "Compass Cactus" and the "Traveler's Friend." Invariably leaning to the southwest, it has guided many a lost traveler back to camp when arid rolling hills stood in mute indifference to his confusion. Others have called it "The Water Barrell" but the most enticing name of all is "Candy Barrel Cactus."

This cactus is found near El Paso, Texas, and looks like a barrel. It reaches a height of ten feet when fully grown, is globular in shape when young, and cylindrical when old. It is covered with long spines thickly placed together, and the flowers bloom in a yellow circle at the very top. Although not so tall as the other two just mentioned, it lives for over one hundred years, and has a marvelous capacity for storing water, readily obtainable by cutting off the top. The water is not very palatable, having a saline taste, but it will save one from thirst.

It is not the fruit of this cactus that is preserved for food, but the cactus itself. After being cut, the spines are peeled off, and the fleshy part sliced and soaked in water over night. Next day, it is cooked until tender in a strong sugar solution and allowed to harden and crystallize. The result is a delicious, and very rich candy, which is gaining in popularity on American markets.

When the last flower has withered and died, and the last bit of fruit has been preserved, when the last festival chant has been sung, the Indian begins his trek homeward, rich from the desert yield. There in his humble mud and wood shack life settles into a montonous routine until the Desert blooms again.

The Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

NO. VI—BOOKS TO READ ALOUD

"Could we give but one gift to every child,
We should choose the love of books."*
—William Fredrick Bigelow.

SUCCESSFUL guiding of children's reading is the mutual enjoyment of books by parents and children. This capacity to enjoy can be taught in no finer way than by reading aloud. Besides the benefit we get through the sheer enjoyment of the family reading together, most of us will agree, from the experience of our youth, that our standards of conduct, our love of nature, our patriotism, and indeed our philosophy of life was greatly influenced by the stories read to us by our parents.

Sharing books with our children establishes a partnership that grows more and more precious as the years go by. A book may open the way to many a discussion that parents feel diffident about undertaking.

ADOLESCENT children read the same books as adults. If the book is good for you it is probably good for your growing son or daughter. You will rarely read a book too advanced in subject matter for them. They can also enjoy many of the stories you choose for your very young child, for many of these fine things, take on a deeper meaning as we grow older.

The best things can be read every few years, but with a different purpose each time. Take "Alice in Wonderland" for example. If you have not opened it since your childhood, do so now and you will find yourself laughing on every page. When you first read it, it was not funny at all, unless you were unusual. But now you enjoy the nonsense and the more sense you get the more you enjoy it.

Some of the old fairy tales are so profound, so profoundly sad and so rich in human experience that you wonder what it was that you enjoyed in them before. There is more meaning in the story of "The China Shepherdess" who ran away with the chimney sweep, than there is in many a full length novel. Read it again for what it contains of human nature.

Secure Kenneth Grahame's story "Wind in the Willows". This new classic is one of the most charming of all stories about animals that talk, dress, and act like people. While the little tots will be spell-bound with the adventure, the older ones will see far more in it than a mole leaving home in the middle of spring housecleaning. The spirit of England is in this book, and in the chapter where Pan himself appears we are taken back to old Greece, itself. "Gulliver's Travels" which you will find on the shelves of the childrens' libraries, probably was not intended for children at all. It is a searching criticism of the politics of the time. Swift put his ideas into the form of wonderful journeys, carrying his ideals well. The form is one that pleases imaginative children, but this story was written by a master of

*Courtesy "Good Housekeeping Magazine."

English style. Adults cannot read it over without becoming a little impatient with slipshod English.

"Pilgrims Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Ivanhoe," or other stories of this same type should be made our friends. "Don Quixote" is one of the world's masterpieces and is full of interest.

IT IS claimed that humorous literature has been more neglected by the majority of well read parents than almost any other type. If that is true some emphasis upon education along this line is desirable. Very often tense situations arise which might be better controlled had we developed our sense of humor in our youth. It is an age-old custom when we are sick physically to hunt a remedy. Why not do so when we are sick emotionally? There are humorous readings which could not help but cheer us under almost any circumstance.

The popular humor is so often accompanied by vulgarity and boys and girls cannot always distinguish between this and wholesome humor. They often grow up to think coarseness is humorous. Clean, sparkling wit is exceedingly rare and some of the best humor makes no appeal. It demands a background of training and taste to enjoy subtle wit, the most delicious of all humor. That is something we must develop in boys and girls. We cannot begin too early to cultivate this taste. You will enjoy "Plupy" by Shute, "Doctor Doolittle", or Rootebago Stories" equally as much as your young son. Then as your family reaches adulthood read the "Penrod" stories, or "The Young Mrs. Jones", or "Perfect Behavior."

This last named volume is a parody outline of etiquette, intended to poke fun at our rules of correct form. It is dedicated with deep sympathy to the bridegroom whose wedding was ruined because the bride came down the aisle on the right instead of the left arm of her father. The variety of subjects treated and the manner in which they are treated will lift anyone out of a grouch. So when such tense occasions as weddings and political campaigns, etc. threaten to destroy the usual tranquility of the household, let us try reading aloud some good book of humor.

PRECIOUS WORD

By Mrs. Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Mother is a gentle word,
Tender as a lullaby,
Which at evening may be heard
Stilling baby's tired cry.

Mother is a guiding word,
Teaching us the way to climb
Up the heights by distance blurred,
Underneath the clouds of time.

Mother is a precious word.
Take it from all words apart.
Is there one by memory stirred
Half as sure to reach the heart?

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—With every day so full of loveliness, why should not the heart be glad?

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, as she reached her twelfth birthday, had her party of young friends and a candle-bedecked birthday cake, but that is only the semblance of childhood. Her education is most rigid under private tutors, while Queen "Mother Mary," her grandmother, guides her in court etiquette and the duties of queenship, towards which her birth portends.

LILY PONS, opera star, proved herself a heroine as well as an artist when during a terrific storm on the Atlantic last spring she sang song after song to keep up the spirits of the other passengers.

MISS MAUD MAY BABCOCK, head of the speech department of the University of Utah, has retired after a service of 46 years as instructor in dramatic art. She is president of the National Association of Teachers of Speech.

MADAM JEAN PICARD, the only woman licensed balloonist, not only pilots her husband in his stratosphere flights but assists him in gathering and preparing his scientific data during the flights.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY'S "Sleep In Peace;" "Above the Rainbow," an allegorical story by Anne W. Strawbridge; the fine biography of Louisa May Alcott by Katharine Anthony, and "Towers In The Mist" by Elizabeth Goudge are all outstanding for literary merit among the new books.

MATILDA GUTNIKONA is a technician in a large plane plant in Moscow, Soviet Russia. Flying is part of her extra curricular work.

HATTIE CARAWAY, senator from Arkansas, says the greatest dangers to our government come not from without but from sinister interests within. She is not alone in that opinion.

SUSANNA T. ROBISON, of Fillmore, Utah, was one of the beloved pioneer mothers who died last April. She was aged 91.

DR. ERIKA RICKLI has been entrusted by the Swiss Association of Statistics and Political Economy with the task of compiling an Encyclopedia of Economics of 600 pages for the National Exhibition of Switzerland, to be held in 1939.

HELEN HAYES prefers the legitimate drama to the films. After three years in the title role in "Victoria Regina" she is still enthusiastic over the role.

OSA JOHNSON declares the humane work of capturing "wild life pictures so they will never be forgotten," begun by herself and husband, the late Martin Johnson, is now hers to carry on. She calls her films "Jungle Calling."

VIRGINIA KIRKUS, former editorial writer for *McCall's* and *Pictorial Review,* runs a service through which she furnishes bookshops and libraries candid analysis of books before publication.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXV JUNE, 1938 No. 6

Editorials

Anti Liquor-Tobacco Campaign

LOVE of home and a desire for fine children has always been strong among Latter-day Saints. The ambition of every Latter-day Saint mother is that her children will grow and develop so as to enjoy a fullness of life—optimum health, high ideals, self-control, reasonable financial security, an appreciation and love of the beautiful and cultural. Anything which stands in the way of achieving this goal is not merely avoided but challenges intensive and intelligent effort in its alleviation.

The constantly increasing use of liquor and tobacco strikes at the very foundation of abundant living. Shame, illness, death, inefficiency, unspeakable sorrow, suffering and degradation are offered in exchange for momentary stimulation, exhilaration, and all too often for mere social approbation.

The Hon. Morris Sheppard in an address published in the *Congressional Record* of January 15, 1938, after citing many facts and figures draws the following conclusion: "The amount of whiskey in the United States last year (1937) marks an all-time high in American history. This indicates that a larger volume of consumption is anticipated by the liquor trade than ever before."

Tobacco consumption is increasing at an equally rapid rate. Huge financial interests are back of the traffic, vigorously pushing the sale of these injurious products. Reliable authorities estimate that in the four years of repeal since 1933 the sum of $75,000,000 has been expended for promotion of alcoholic liquors in newspaper advertising alone, not including magazines and other periodicals, radio, billboard or other forms of publicity. The seeming sanctions of literature, the theatre, song and story are far reaching in their influence.

Only the most diligent and enlightened effort can hope to contend with such influences and prevent these evils from making inroads upon the

health, efficiency and happiness of our families.

The Church, thoroughly aware of the situation and aroused to its seriousness, has launched a campaign for the purpose of education and the correction of existing conditions. A General Committee, composed of a member from the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, one from the Seven Presidents of Seventy, a representative from the Department of Education, and one from each of the Auxiliaries, has been appointed by the First Presidency to organize and plan the campaign. Under the direction of the Priesthood of the Church similar anti liquor-tobacco committees are being organized in every stake and ward. These committees keep in touch with and maintain the cooperation of all Priesthood groups, the Department of Education, the Relief Society, Sunday School, Y. M. M. I. A., Y. W. M. I. A., and Primary Association, thus securing harmony, completeness and effectiveness in the campaign.

It is the ambition of the Church to reach every individual within its bounds whether they be active or inactive. The time-honored missionary method—that of individual contact—is to be used as the basic method of conducting the campaign. Every Priesthood quorum is to be responsible for its own members. Where it is necessary and wise, quorum officers may ask for and receive help outside the quorum. Women, young people, children, etc., are to be contacted by auxiliary and special workers.

Leaflets, folders, pamphlets, report forms, films, slides, etc., will be utilized in an effort to touch the hearts and wills and to establish right attitudes and conduct among our people with regard to the use of liquor and tobacco.

The mothers of the Church are deeply concerned about the well-being of mankind, particularly the youth; they ardently desire that home and family life be unimpaired by any destructive influence. Thoroughly in sympathy with the campaign we urge the women both as an organization and as individuals to cooperate with the General, Stake and Ward committees in their efforts to alleviate this increasing evil.

Good Manners

INTERESTING, challenging, demanding, life today moves forward with speed and aggressiveness. Its driving force is so pronounced that individuals cannot relax and keep pace. All are constantly faced with struggle; struggle in the home, in business and in social pursuits. So engaging is the contest that one must be constantly on the alert, watching for advantage in order to survive. The spirit of present-day living is making people self-assertive, thoughtless of the rights of one another and often genuinely selfish. More or less unconscious of this most of us, if accused, would respond with a quick denial. However, conditions all about us bear testimony of its existence. The high accident rate on the highway, the lack of reverence in our churches, crowding and jostling for positions of vantage in public gatherings, handling of merchandise in shops, care of books in libraries, and the general disrespect for the rights and possessions of others, cry out for control of our selfish impulses and increased exercise of courtesy and good manners.

Good manners after all is the suiting of our behavior to the greatest benefit, comfort and ease of others.

Essential in the promotion of human welfare and happiness it calls for constant attention. Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune as by little considerations that occur every day. Genuine courtesy comes from the heart and is based on morality, decency, and consideration. Good manners involve the art of adjusting our behavior to superiors, equals and inferiors, leaving all at ease. Transcending the habits of clique, caste, or period it makes itself felt by all classes.

Too often we think of good manners in rather a restricted sense, interpreting it as a knowledge of what constitutes "good form." Time place, and situation dictate what is correct form. There are continual revolutions in social forms according to prevailing fashion. What is "the right thing to do" today may not be so tomorrow. What is right in one situation may not be so in another. "Good form" changes with more or less frequency, and must be learned while good manners comes from within and never goes out of fashion. Ignorance of correct social form can not properly be styled ill manners. There are individuals who pride themselves upon their knowledge of "the right thing to do," yet in the exercise of this knowledge are often guilty of gross bad manners. On the other hand individuals who are genuinely considerate may at times cause uneasiness and embarrassment because of lack of knowledge of social forms.

The desirable thing is good manners in its broadest sense, genuine consideration and thorough knowledge of what to do under all circumstances. These two cannot be disassociated in the perfect lady or gentlemen. Our Log Cabin Lady early learned that it was not enough for her to be her own sweet self, that in order to be thoroughly at ease herself and to put others at ease she must acquaint herself with all accepted social graces wherever she found herself. So must we all slacken our speed and give more attention to the improvement of our manners.

Emerson it was who said, "A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of fine arts."

Every one of us should consciously endeavor to develop perception of the best interests of one another. We should avail ourselves of every opportunity to learn what constitutes the most socially acceptable behavior. We should constantly teach and exercise good manners until they become fixed habits.

There are few other things that will tend to unite people more or pay higher dividends on time and attention invested.

A man's own good-breeding is his best security against other peoples' ill manners.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

●

By harmony our souls are swayed;
By harmony the world was made.

Granville

Preview of Lessons For 1938-39

THEOLOGY DEPARTMENT

THE past year's Theology lessons, "The Ministry of the Savior," according to all reports were not only a benefit but a joy to the women of the Relief Society. This is a matter for congratulation to all those whose fine efforts were responsible for this success.

It appears, therefore, both proper and desirable that the lessons for 1938-39 be a continuation of the New Testament including The Acts, Epistles, Travels of the Apostles, etc., with some biographical history. These lessons, like last year's, offer material for artistic enrichment and we feel assured they will be received with equal enthusiasm:

They are as follows:

1. The Mediterranean World In the Days of the Apostles.
2. The Mediterranean World in the Days of the Apostles. (Contd.)
3. These Twelve Jesus Sent Forth.
4. These Twelve Jesus Sent Forth. (Contd.)
5. These Twelve Jesus Sent Forth. (Cont.)
6. The Anointing of the Spirit.
7. Peter, the Fisherman.
8. Peter, Disciple and Apostle.
9. Peter, The Head of the Church.

Recommended List of Books for Relief Society Theology Lessons

A. B. Bruce—*The Training of the Twelve.* Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of this book for $1.00. The edition used in the lessons was the Fourth, Revised and Improved. (1889).

H. E. Dana—*New Testament World,* $2.00 — Baptist Sunday School Board. 161 8th Ave., Nashville, Tenn. This edition appeared after the lessons were written.

F. J. Mueller—*Christ's Twelve.* Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 1931. $1.25.

A. T. Robertson—*Epochs in the Life of Simon Peter.* $1.75. Chas. Scribner's Sons. New York.

The above books will all prove useful. If absolutely restricted to the purchase of one book the one by Bruce should be chosen.

The following books will provide valuable supplementary material:

Chas. R. Brown—*These Twelve.* Harper and Bros. New York. $1.00.

Robert Freeman—*What About the Twelve?* Doubleday, Doran and Co. Garden City, New York. $1.75.

W. Mackintosh Mackay — *The Men Whom Jesus Made.* Harper & Bros. New York. $1.00.

These books may be purchased through Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

VISITING TEACHER DEPARTMENT

THE Visiting Teachers are the direct contact between the home and the Relief Society. Their work is of inestimable value to the organization and to the women of the Church. The faithfulness, loyalty and good service of this group is deserving of the highest commendation.

The General Board believe, however, that many of the wom-

en visited are not acquainted with the worthwhile educational program carried on by the Society, and the opportunities afforded for self-improvement and personal enjoyment through participation in Relief Society activities.

It is one of the duties of the Visiting Teachers to carry this information into the homes, and to do their best to arouse such an interest in the hearts and minds of the women in the ward that they will come to the weekly meetings.

Special effort is now being made to increase membership and thus have more women participate and benefit from the Relief Society program. It is therefore requested that special attention be given to acquainting the women visited with the programs of the Theology, Work and Business, Literary and Social Service Departments; that these be commented on as much as good judgment will permit, showing the attractiveness and value of the work.

The stake leader at the Union meeting should acquaint the ward class leaders with the programs of all departments.

The special spiritual messages to be taken into the homes for 1938-39 deal with "Jesus' Teachings As They Affect Personality." The purpose of these messages is to assist women to improve their personalities through understanding and applying the teachings of the Master along these lines.

Strength of personality and character are essential if people are to be happy and successful in the world today. Many men and women find that their lives are far from satisfactory. They are filled with fears, anger, hates, suspicion, littleness and often failure which cause mental suffering and personality and character defects. The solution of these problems may be found in the teachings of the Master. If individuals would conduct themselves exactly along the lines taught by Jesus they would be able to make the most of their lives, and would be strong, healthy characters with healthy personalities. The problems of personality that face men and women everywhere are of such vital importance that the study of the factors which contribute to their solution is justifiable.

The messages for 1938-39 are as follows:

1. Faith.
2. Fear.
3. Anger.
4. Sensitivity of the Needs of Others.
5. Ye Are the Salt of the Earth.
6. Sources of Power.
7. Cast the Beam from Thine Own Eye.
8. Obedience.
9. Healthy Mental Attitudes.

No special text books, other than the scriptures, are being suggested for this course.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE Literary course for 1938-39 is "The Advance of the Novel." The text to be used will be *The Advance of the English Novel,* by William Lyon Phelps.

The ultimate objective of the course is: to assist in the establishment of good taste in the selection of novels read by our sisters, through showing the development of the novel and its present position in the field of literature and by giving guidance in what constitutes a worthy novel.

The books to be used will be

available at the Deseret Book Store, Salt Lake City, after July 20, 1938.

List of books:

The Advance of the English Novel, William Lyon Phelps $1.25
Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe 1.00
The Talisman, Sir Walter Scott 1.00
Lorna Doone, Richard Doddridge Blackmore 1.00
City of Bells, Elizabeth Goudge 2.00

Where the Relief Societies send for the whole set, enclosing cash (and sales tax in Utah) with order, the books will be $6.00 per set.

If any of the books are available in your community without buying them, the purchase price of individual books will be as listed above.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

"THE Psychology of Personal Adjustment" is the title of the subject matter to be treated in the Social Service lessons for 1938-39.

During the past three years the lessons in this department have dealt with some very interesting problems of community life. The course this coming year will consider problems centered largely upon the individual.

"When a woman knows how she is made she knows better how to act."—John Macy.

The aim of this course is to help every woman who studies these lessons have a better understanding of herself. It aims to help her make up her mind to revolutionize her daily habits if they are detrimental to herself or to those with whom she lives or comes in contact. In other words it aims to help her build a better personality; to live the more abundant life.

To make these lessons effective it will require some resolution and much effort, but the result will be worth while.

The Magazine is the only text book for this course. Following are the titles of each lesson:

1. Habit Formation and Revision.
2. The Problem of Growing Older.
3. Do My Emotions Hinder or Help Me?
4. Should I be Afraid.
5. Psychology of Physical Health.
6. How to Get Along With People.
7. Marital Adjustments.
8. On Being a Good Mother-in-Law.

At the end of each lesson there are references for further study. We do not recommend the purchase of these books, but hope the class leaders may find access to some of them through libraries, public or private schools. Some magazine references are cited which will be found in your community, no doubt.

We bespeak for you all a most interesting and profitable year if every effort is made on the part of the teachers and members to have it so.

Notes from the Field

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

PRESIDENTS OF CALIFORNIA STAKES

California Stakes

THE above picture of Presidents of the California Stakes is typical of the group of women who assembled for our recent Conference. It represents all of the stakes in California, except Sacramento.

Reading from left to right: Blanch Hoglund, Los Angeles; Zatelle F. Sessions, Hollywood; Sara H. Carruth, Oakland; Pearl C. Miner, Long Beach; Sadie E. Williams, Pasadena; Ethel Blomquist, San Bernardino; Esther D. Stephens, San Francisco; Ruthe B. Samson, Gridley.

Blackfoot

A VERY interesting report comes from the Blackfoot Stake. These enterprising Relief Society workers have wholeheartedly cooperated in putting over the project suggested by the Work and Business department. Fine results in bread making, sewing, and laundering have been achieved. This is tangible evidence of the enthusiasm with which the "Back to the Home" movement has been received.

Representing the bread-making project, each of the fifteen wards in the Stake was asked to supply:

1 loaf whole wheat bread
1 loaf white bread
Some variety of quick bread
Some variety of fancy breads, as orange, date, nuts, etc.

This was judged in the same manner followed in the State Fair: First, second and third prizes were marked by blue, red, and white ribbons respectively. The judges felt

that practically every loaf of bread was worthy of a ribbon.

In order to get a better idea of the extent of the sewing project in the home, each ward brought the following to a display:

2 articles made at home from new material

2 articles remodeled or made over.

Awards were given in a manner similar to that of the bread, and very attractive and unusual articles were exhibited.

The laundering project was also demonstrated. There were two laundered articles from each ward. A blanket that had been in use and laundered for fifteen years was displayed. Many articles that had been washed and ironed beautifully helped to show fine home workmanship.

This activity seemed to challenge the interest of everyone. Small prizes were given as an expression of appreciation for the efforts of the women and to encourage them. It was the feeling of the Work and Business stake leaders that the objectives of the project had been very satisfactorily attained. First, factual data to verify the general statements about present-day family life was supplied; second, women were helped to understand and evaluate their own work problems.

Another very splendid piece of work accomplished in the Stake was in the field of health and home nursing. In November a Health and Home Nursing Convention was sponsored.

Uniform programs were held in Aberdeen and Blackfoot and the subjects "Relief Society's Attitude Toward Home Nursing," "The Attitude of the County in the Past and Available Resources at Present," "Sore Throat and the Common Cold," "Fever and Contagion," and "Common Ailments," were discussed during the morning session.

A graduate obstetrical nurse gave a demonstration on the care of the patient in the home. Important points covered in this demonstration were: the care of bed patient; the serving tray; important things to observe and report to the doctor; care of mother and new-born baby; contagious diseases; proper sterilization of equipment; suggestions for first-aid to cuts, burns, breaks, severe lacerations; suggestions for available government bulletins and literature.

Palmyra Stake

ONE of the interesting reports of the recent celebration of Anniversary Day came from the Palmyra Stake.

An original pageant, "The Dawn of a New Day," written by Mrs. Othelia N. Huntington, was presented on March 17 by the Palmyra Stake Relief Society, with the Stake president directing. The pageant was in three episodes including ten scenes.

The first episode depicted the conditions leading up to the organization of the Relief Society, the second its growth and development, the third the various phases of the Relief Society program and the Relief Society objective 100,000 members by the centennial anniversary in 1942. The pageant required 217 participants in costume, with a group of 57 Singing Mothers furnishing the music. The nine wards of the stake participated in furnishing this delightful entertainment.

The pageant was presented in the Spanish Fork High School, where the stage setting, the light-

ing effects and the costumes all tended to make a most delightful entertainment. The attendance at the pageant was estimated to have been more than six hundred people.

GUNNISON STAKE SINGING MOTHERS

Gunnison Stake

THIS picture is of a group of Singing Mothers from the Gunnison Stake. They are attired in the costume requested by the general organization of Singing Mothers.

The organization of this fine group was perfected some time ago and the record of their splendid achievements has been most commendable. They have furnished musical programs for Genealogical meetings, Relief Society and Ward Conferences and for each of the Quarterly Conferences of the stake. They have visited and sung at the Manti Temple and have aided in special programs in Gunnison, responding to a special mission to sing at the Sacrament meetings in the wards.

The appreciation of the mothers for this opportunity to serve has been shown by their faithful attendance at rehearsals and at the meetings and by a greatly increased membership in the chorus. The chorus has also tended to increase the attendance at meetings as the music offered was a very attractive feature.

Utah Stake

UTAH Stake Relief Society, in keeping with the Church Beautification Program has launched a Beautification Project. That this project will create great interest and result in improved home surroundings there can be no question. The following suggestions and rules have been given:

1. Every Relief Society woman will endeavor to beautify her surroundings by planting trees, shrubs, flowers, lawn, or a vegetable garden, according to space and needs. She will endeavor to keep away weeds.

2. Every Relief Society woman will be a member of our Beautification Project, even if she is able to plant only one flower or keep weeds from growing on or around her premises.

3. Every Relief Society wom-

an who has plants of any kind will give or trade her surplus to another to assist in this Beautification Project. A Ward Relief Society Exchange will also be arranged.

4. A first and second prize will be given in each ward, in the month of September, for the most beautiful gardens and surroundings. Each ward will appoint a Ward Judging Committee who will visit each contestant once a month, or at special times when a contestant thinks her garden the most beautiful. Judging will be counted according to fine work done on each premise during the entire summer. Near the close of the summer the Ward Judging Committee will choose the five best surroundings in the ward. A stake committee will choose the first and second prize winners from this group. Only Relief Society members are eligible for prizes.

Every member of the Relief Society should be loyal to this Beautification Project and we trust that every woman will register to belong to the project and beautify her premises whether it be slight or great.

Every member entering the contest for prizes must be registered by May 1, 1938. Every ward should have at least twenty registered prize contestants.

The prizes will be given by the Utah Stake Relief Society. The first prize to each ward will be $3.00; the second prize to each ward will be $2.00.

Special instruction for beautification was given by the Work and Business class leaders on the second Tuesdays of March and April. Other instruction meetings will be arranged.

BURGEONING

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Across the dim-veiled twilight
Where the land is lush with spring,
There floats a mating bird song
Of plaintive quavering;
And we forget the sullied snow
That all too long has lain
Beside the kitchen doorway;
We forget the frosted pane.
For in the little woodlot now
Where pussy willows swing,
The violets will blue the ground
And bees come murmuring.
In fields of dark turned furrows
White breasted gulls will rest
Or circle round the moving plow
In never tiring quest.
The orchard will be decked in bloom,
Robins will flutter from the nest.
The earth is treadling at her loom
And God is manifest.

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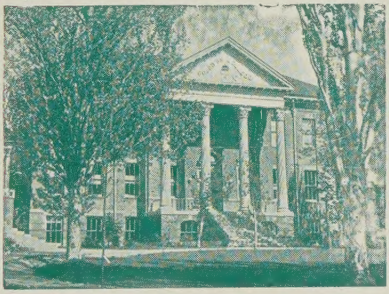

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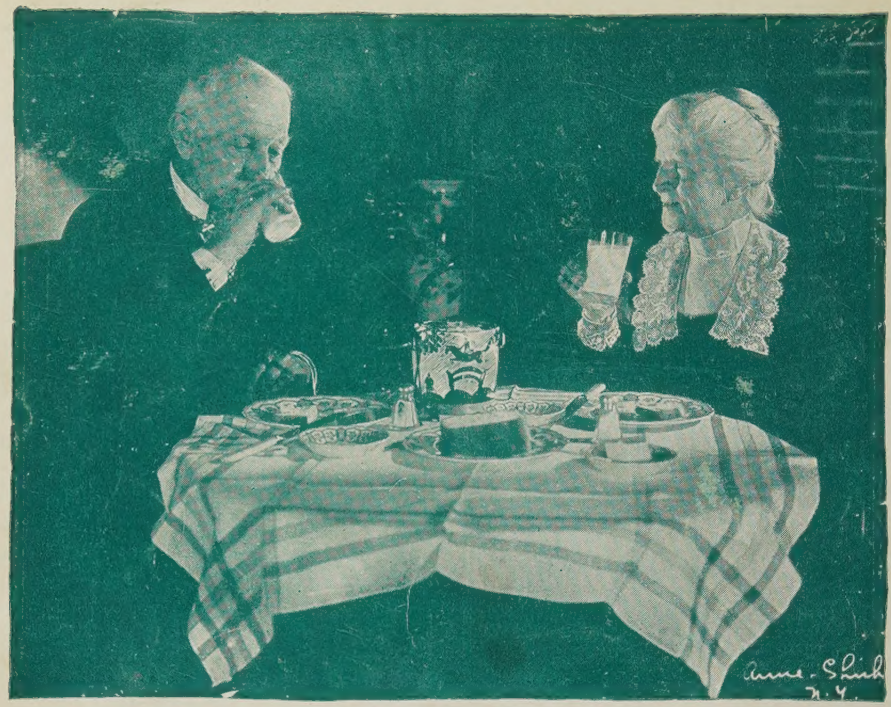

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